

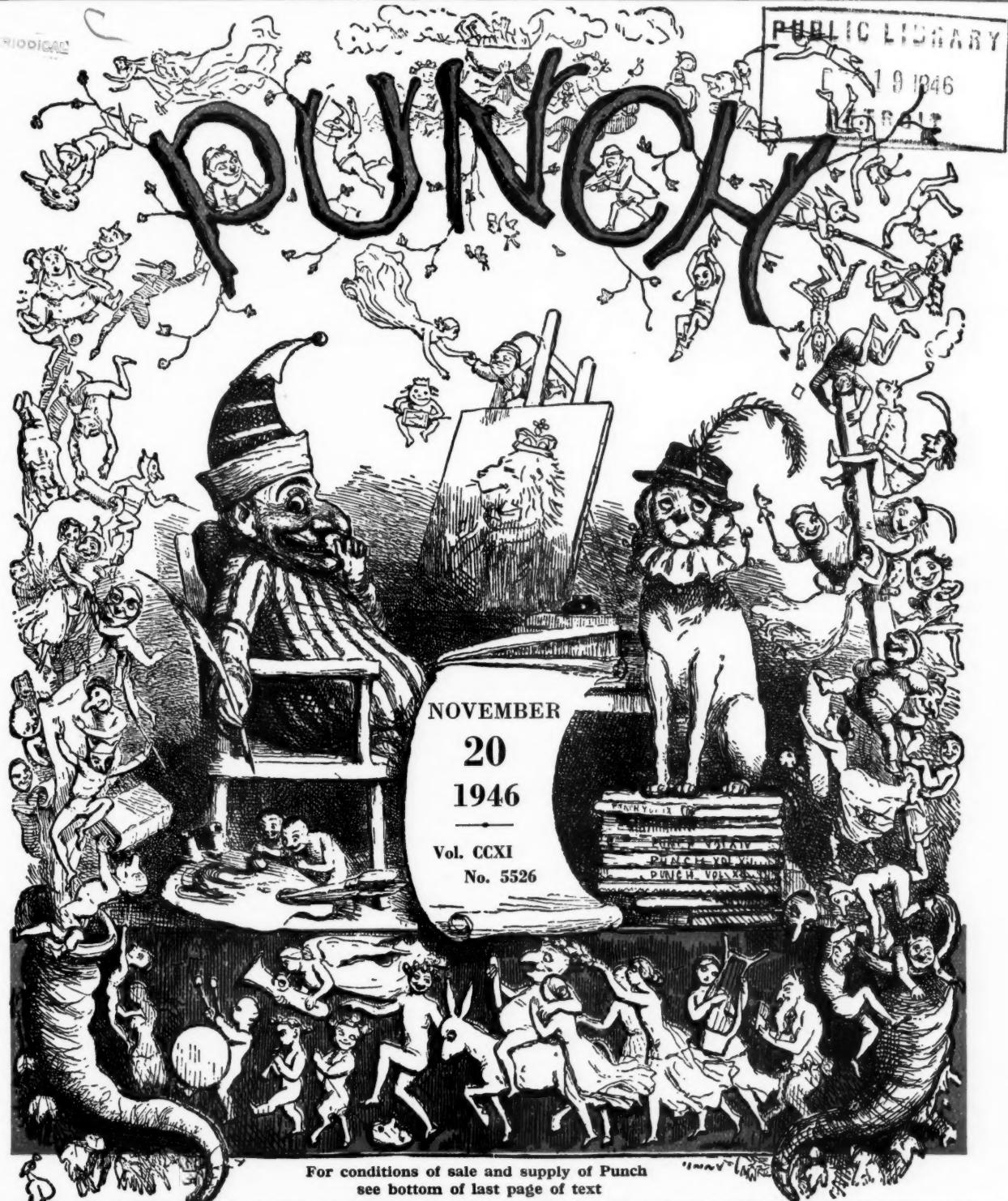
ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

MOTOR UNION INSURANCE COMPANY LTD

10, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1



PERIODICAL

For conditions of sale and supply of Punch
see bottom of last page of text**Imperial Typewriters**MADE IN
GREAT BRITAIN



Autumn Wisdom



TO the wise mother autumn is a time for special care. Children need extra safeguards . . . warmer clothing . . . more nourishing foods to increase their resistance against severe weather conditions.

In this connection it is well to remember that 'Ovaltine' is much more than a delicious beverage. It is the well-tried, established stand-by for reinforcing the family diet, providing extra nourishment, fortifying resistance to colds and chills, building up reserves of strength and energy.

Prepared from Nature's best foods — malt, milk and eggs — 'Ovaltine' offers exceptional advantages as the regular daily beverage, and as the 'good-night' drink for promoting restful, restorative and revitalising sleep.

Ovaltine

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland.
2/4 and 4/- per tin.

P.670A

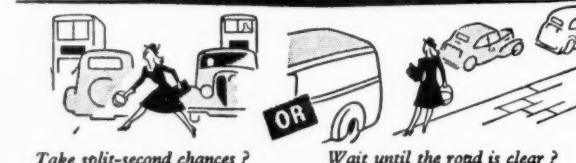
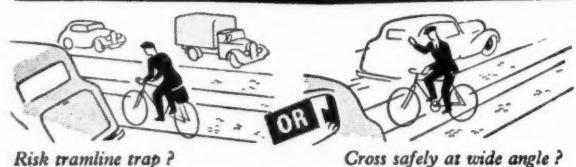
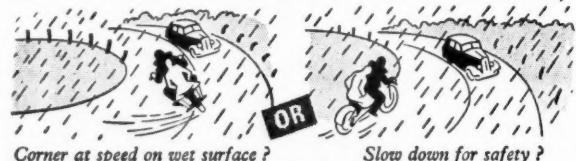


With world-wide famine threatening so many unfortunate homes, all the wheat we can spare must go where it is needed most—to save small bodies from hunger and disease. Not until there is bread for all, will there be grains to spare for widespread feeding of livestock. Then, probably after the next big harvest, Marsh Hams will be back again, with all their traditional mellowness and flavour.

MARSH HAMS

Marsh & Baxter Ltd., Brierley Hill

How do YOU use the road?



A copy of THE NEW HIGHWAY CODE will shortly be delivered to your address. Read it and re-read it until you know it thoroughly. Always follow the common-sense rules of road behaviour which are set out in the Code and you will be doing your part to Keep Death off the Road.

**KEEP DEATH
OFF THE ROAD**
LEARN THE
HIGHWAY CODE

Issued by the Ministry of Transport

● A taste of delight
in a dull world!
Brimful of satisfying
nourishment. Try them all!

MACONOCHEE'S

Superb Soups

MACONOCHEE BROS. LTD. LONDON

IVE PUT MY NAME DOWN FOR A
Hotpoint
REG. TRADE MARK
ELECTRIC CLEANER
 The best is
 worth waiting
 for



The Hotpoint Electric Appliance Company, Ltd.
 Crown House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2

"Good old Uncle George—
he's sent an ANGLEPOISE."

As a gift that keeps on giving, nothing can equal the Anglepoise Lamp. Now on sale in increasing quantities this marvellous thousand-and-one-positions lamp saves light and eyesight. Takes any position — and holds it — at a finger touch. Buy the next one you see at your electrician's— They are snapped up quickly. Enquiries to:

Sole Makers: HERBERT TERRY & SONS LTD.
 REDDITCH London Birmingham Manchester

The TERRY
ANGLEPOISE LAMP
(Pat. all countries)

HINTS TO NEW HOUSEWIVES

Mc Dougall Do's

No. 1

DO read the recipe through carefully and understand it before you start. Then collect all the ingredients to be used. Should you need help with cookery problems, DO please always write to Janet Johnston, McDougall's Cookery Expert. Her address is:

WHEATSHEAF MILLS, MILLWALL DOCKS, LONDON, E.14



Mc Dougall's SELF-RAISING FLOUR

- it has all the EXPERIENCE you need!

..but I've got a tin
of NESCAFÉ!



O happy day when you get a tin of Nescafé! Fragrant, full-flavoured coffee—made instantly—right in the cup. No bother; no coffee-pot to wash up; no messy grounds. Just the enjoyment of grand coffee. Demand still continues to overwhelm supplies, so you may have to be patient. However, here's to the great day when you get your Nescafé!

NESCAFÉ IS A
SOLUBLE COFFEE PRODUCT
composed of coffee solids, with
dextrin, maltose and dextrose,
added to retain the aroma.

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

15

Mr Summers says—

"A Fountain
Pen is not a
Mirror!"



but it does reflect your character. So when you choose your pen, see that it is well-balanced, with a 14 ct. gold nib that suits you and responds instantly to your hand—a nib with an iridium tip to ensure smooth and effortless writing."

SELECT A

SUMMIT
PEN

MADE IN ENGLAND

3/2

MRS

Norseman

All-Weather Raincoats

Made in a number of styles for men's, ladies' and children's wear — NORSEMAN, the quality Raincoats, are unfortunately in short supply. High-class outfitters usually stock them. Ask for a NORSEMAN—you might be lucky.

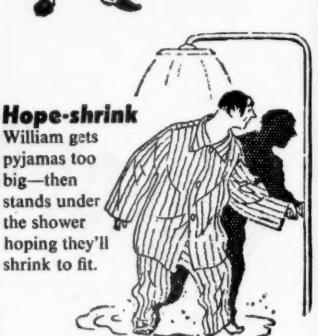
Makers :
A. B. Hargreaves & Co. Ltd.
Vykyn Works, Chorley,
Lancs.

Norseman

braves all weathers



Choke-shrink
Ben buys pyjamas that fit beautifully—but they're soon shrunk into strait jackets.



Hope-shrink
William gets pyjamas too big—then stands under the shower hoping they'll shrink to fit.

Won't-shrink . . . You can be sure your pyjamas will never shrink out of fit, if they're labelled "Sanforized". Shrunk. Look for "Sanforized" on pyjamas, shirts, overalls and all washable cottons.

SANFORIZED
Will not shrink out of fit

Mackintosh's "Quality Street"

completes the
Christmas picture!

A delicious assortment
of Toffees and Chocolates . . .

LIGHT can be just
as good **AT HOME**



if
YOU USE

MAZDA
LAMPS



The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd.
Crown House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2

LEA-FRANCIS CARS

"A Pleasure
to Drive"

Vide "The Autocar"

THE NEW
"FOURTEEN" FOUR-LIGHT
SALOON



LEA-FRANCIS CARS LTD., COVENTRY



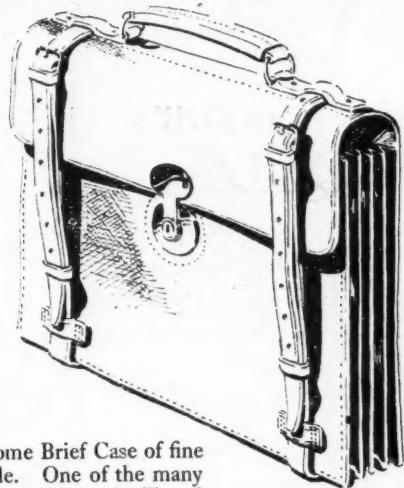
True craftsmanship creates a beauty of its own—it is the natural outcome of striving for perfection. Avon Tyres will enhance the appearance of your car—and their Quality will ensure your satisfaction.



The Avon India Rubber Co. Ltd., Melksham, Wiltshire

Est. 1885

I saw this at Harrods



... a really handsome Brief Case of fine quality tan cow hide. One of the many distinctive pieces displayed in the Travel Goods Department on the second floor.

HARRODS

HARRODS LTD

SLOane 1234

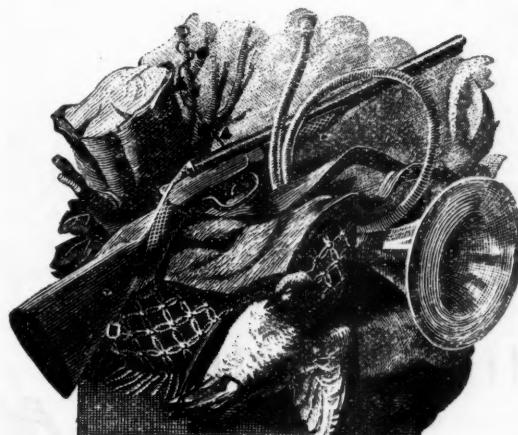
LONDON SW1

**There
is a
cigarette ...**

... even in these days of substitutes, make-do and make-believe, which gives you unadulterated pleasure of the best Turkish leaf. Of normal — which is now often so abnormal — size, it is of exceptional virtue. For, in Sobranie Turkish No. 6 is smoking which really satisfies — an aroma which is rich but never heavy, a full flavour which you can really taste and that quality of all the best Turkish leaf—almost complete absence of nicotine. Here then is a cigarette which can cut down your smoking yet give you a satisfaction that you have never known before ...

SOBRANIE
TURKISH No. 6

made by the makers of BALKAN
SOBRANIE Turkish Cigarettes



LOTUS
Veldtschoen
SHOOTING BOOTS
(Guaranteed Waterproof)

are now available in limited supply for civilian purchase





Cmdr. Campbell's QUIZ

Q. What is the 'Pipe of Peace'?

A. The 'Pipe of Peace' is called a calumet. It is highly prized by the North American Indians, who use it on occasions such as a 'Pow-wow.' In England, everyone can have a pipe of peace by filling up with Murray's.

Q. What is "topping"?

A. It's the process of nipping off the tobacco flowers so that all the plant's nourishment goes into the leaves. This produces the best leaf, which is used in Murray's.

Q. Are all tobacco plants the same?

A. Indeed not. Tobacco plants have to be very carefully cultivated to produce the even-burning, cool-smoking, fragrant leaf that makes Murray's such a comforting tobacco. When you light a pipe of Murray's Mellow Mixture, you will realize what a difference this care can make. And it's only 2/9 for an ounce.

MURRAY'S MELLOW MIXTURE

MURRAY, SONS AND CO. LIMITED, BELFAST, NORTHERN IRELAND, where good tobaccos have been skilfully blended for 100 years

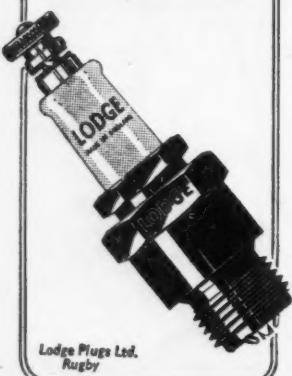
LODGE

with its

SINTOX
SINTERED ALUMINIUM OXIDE
INSULATOR

IS THE
ACKNOWLEDGED

WORLD'S BEST PLUG



Lodge Plugs Ltd.
Rugby

PERFECT SHAVING is the removal of the TOUGHEST STUBBLE in the SMOOTHEST MANNER and the SHORTEST TIME. So wise men choose a ROLLS RAZOR.

THE WORLD'S BEST SAFETY
ROLLS RAZOR

ROLLS RAZOR LIMITED, LONDON, N.W.2



HILLMAN MINX

For the family
whose car is
always in use



YEYES'
ESTABLISHED 1877

Backed
by a fine
tradition

STREPH has behind it Jeyes' seventy years' research and experience in the fight against germs. This new Antiseptic goes three times as far as ordinary antiseptics, and is fatal to a wider range of disease-causing germs. For medical and personal use it is as outstanding as Jeyes' Fluid is for the purposes of general disinfection. STREPH is also invaluable for personal hygiene, and it is pleasant in use.

At all Chemists 19 (including Tax)

STREPH
THE COMPLETE ANTISEPTIC



LORD ELTON

writes:

"The terrible scourge of cancer has bereaved countless families, and the menace of it must haunt almost as many more. The Royal Cancer Hospital is doing invaluable work in combating the disease, and still requires all the support which it can obtain from the public. The need is great and we must see that the response is generous."

Please send a Gift to the Treasurer,

**The Royal
Cancer
Hospital**

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3

REVELATION

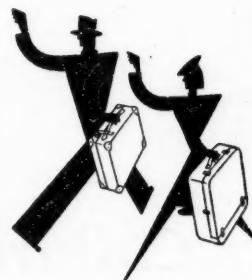
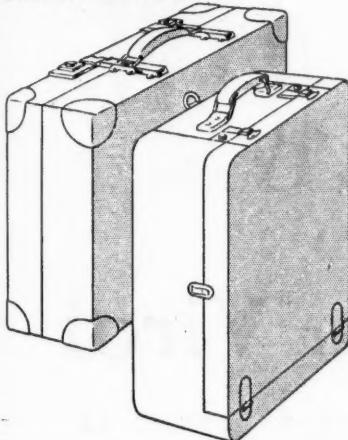
SCIENTIFICALLY planned LUGGAGE

Packing can be a frightful bore or, with cleverly planned luggage, it can really be quite fun . . .

With a REV-ROBE, for instance, the ceaseless folding and packing of up to a dozen dresses is literally a matter of seconds, and with a REVELATION suitcase there is the certainty that, whatever you put in, it will always close with ease.

Supplies are only a fraction of the demand ; so please be patient until your Stores or Luggage Dealers can supply you.

REVELATION Suitcase . . . the same case adjusts itself for a week-end, a week or a month.



REV-ROBE . . . the travel wardrobe hardly larger than a hat-box. "Ceaseless automatic packing."

REVELATION SUITCASE CO. LTD., 170 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1
(Agents for Revelation Supplies Ltd.)

Tetley 1857
SENATOR
American Blend
COFFEE
per 3½ lb.



JOSEPH TETLEY & CO., LTD.,
LONDON & NEW YORK

Red Flacke
Scotland's best Whisky
HEPBURN & ROSS Glasgow

ELIZABETH and RALEIGH
would enjoy them!


NEEDLER'S
CHOCOLATES
SWEETS

NEEDLER'S LTD., HULL • Established 1886



Travelling by flying boat, this enthusiast could enjoy herself on routes in most parts of the world. By B.O.A.C. from Poole to Sydney, Hongkong or South Africa; by Doder or Causa in South America; soon by D.N.L. in Scandinavia. Her travel agent will tell her how to book an air pleasure cruise.

It's fun to fly by flying-boat!

Shorts THE BUILDERS OF FLYING BOATS

Short Bros. (Rochester and Bedford) Ltd., Rochester • Short & Harland Ltd., Belfast

Rest Assured



There's double satisfaction in buying your pyjamas at Simpsons. The variety of smart attractive patterns and materials—a tailored comfort which induces sound, restful sleep.

SIMPSON (PICCADILLY) LTD
202 PICCADILLY W.1 REGENT 2002



LONDON'S
LEADING
JEWELLERS



SET like a precious jewel in the heart of London sparkles in the West End showrooms of Saqui & Lawrence—internationally famous jewellers for more than a century. Today they have many branches in London and the Provinces, but still only one standard of beauty and worth—the highest.

Saqui & Lawrence
Ltd.

PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1
28 LIVERPOOL ST., E.C.2

Other branches at Hammersmith, Holloway, Kilburn, Brighton, Manchester and throughout the country.



Preparing
to be a
Beautiful
Lady

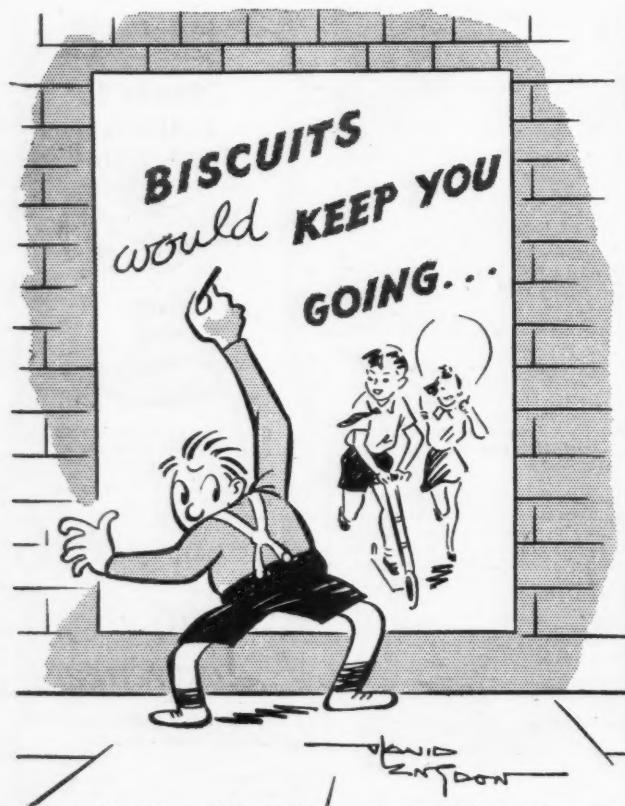
Indoors and outdoors Caroline's skin looks fresh and clear, and with Pears Soap and clear water Mummy will always keep it quite perfect—Preparing her to be a Beautiful Lady.

PEARS SOAP

We regret that Pears Transparent Soap is in short supply just now.

A. & F. Pears Ltd.

GG 389/1059



Issued by the Cake and Biscuit Manufacturers War Time Alliance Ltd.

CVS-166



Children thrive on Virol

VIROL COMPLETES THE DIET



In the islands of the Outer Hebrides nature and craftsmanship combine to produce the imitable Harris Tweed. You will know the product of the Hebridean crofters when you see the Trade Mark on the cloth or the label on the garment.

Issued by THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LIMITED



PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI

Vol. CCXI No. 5526



November 20 1946

Charivaria

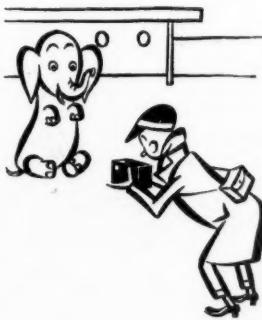
A HAMPSHIRE woman, writing to the Press, claims that she had primroses and violets blooming in her garden at the end of October. Ours were out months earlier than that.

It is suggested that children should be included in the Brains Trust. They could always be relied upon to provide spontaneous questions to any answers.

“My tailor had the audacity to charge me 15s. for mending a small tear in my trousers,” complains a correspondent. We have advised him to report the matter to the Rent Tribunal.

Speed, Bonnie Boat, Like a Bird on the Wing . . .

“Miss Effie Alexander went to Skye to pull teeth for the Inverness Town Council.”—*Dundee paper*.



“We must provide in the prisons of the future for men whose chief object in life is to resume their criminal careers.”

Evening paper.

Refresher courses ?

A photographer offers to make life-size enlargements from the negatives of amateurs. We must hunt up one of our old elephant snaps.

A scientist says that it is not really natural for people to sit down. This explains the small number of shooting-sticks in a fish queue.



Meteorologists are reported to be working on a more reliable system of weather-forecasting. They are hoping to make it retrospective.

Pawnbrokers in some parts of the country are having quite a busy time. One explanation is that many people are doing their Christmas popping early.

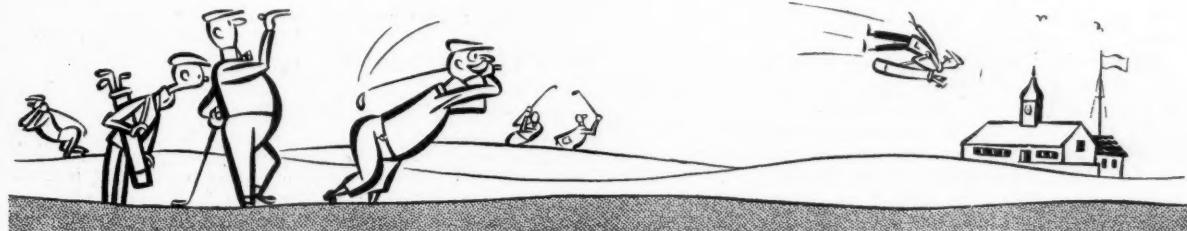
“SIR.—To-day I shot a hare with pure white chin, chest and forelegs, with brown head, back and hindlegs; weight 5½ lb. Could any of your readers explain how this came about?”

Letter in “Daily Mail.”

You probably pulled the trigger.

A burglar told the London magistrates that when he broke into a tobacconist's shop he found another burglar already at work inside. So presumably he had to be content with Turkish.

A golfer who struck a caddie with his driver, apologized later for being so hasty. He should of course have asked the caddie which club to take.



How to Behave.

I HAVE not seen any books on social etiquette for 1946, and I suppose that if any were being published they would differ considerably from those of a hundred years ago.

"Over-politeness," they would tell us, "is not a mark of true refinement. Do not say, for instance, to your hostess, 'How I shall enjoy helping you to wash up all the greasy plates and knives and forks when the repast is concluded!' Make it a point rather to suggest casually at the termination of the banquet that you are quite at her service if she desires any assistance in getting the *muck* off the crockery."

Or—

"Elegance in a *fish-queue* is shown by an apparent indifference to your fate before reaching the counter. Do not shout, flick the fingers, or tread on your neighbour's feet. Nothing is likely to lower your status in the sight of your fellow-shoppers, or in those of the tradesmen whose *servant* you are."

Or—

"In refusing an invitation to a wedding write 'Mr. —— greatly regrets that owing to a previous engagement he is unable to attend, etc., etc.' Do not say 'Dear Mr. and Mrs. ——, I'm sorry I cannot come to your daughter's wedding because all my shirts are now at the *wash*.'"

I have just borrowed a little book on the manners of 1836, and I can see that much has changed since then. It is true that, as the writer points out at the end, "Gentility is neither in birth, manners, nor fashion—but in the MIND." Yet I do not find that this high-sounding sentiment is entirely justified by the tenor of the book as a whole. Rough diamonds, whatever their true quality, are not really encouraged by books on etiquette. There is the case, for instance, of MR. TIMMS OF THE TREASURY, who "fancied himself a great man." He happened to dine at the B—f S—k Club (curious name for a club) and sat next to a noble duke, who magnanimously conversed with him in order to put the fellow at his ease.

Some days after, this *hero of the quill* met His Grace in the street and endeavoured to presume on the casual acquaintanceship, explaining who he was.

"We dined together at the B—f S—k Club the other evening! I'm MR. TIMMS OF THE TREASURY!!"

"Then," said the duke, turning on his heel, "MR. TIMMS OF THE TREASURY, I wish you a *good morning*."

If this is an indication of MIND it is not (to me) an indication of PRESENCE OF MIND. The mistake that the noble duke made, in my opinion, was to turn on his heel. For he was thereby committed to proceeding in a direction contrary to that which he had intended, whilst MR. TIMMS OF THE TREASURY was *not*. Pressing onwards at his side MR. TIMMS might have continued his horrible impertinence and His Grace would have been practically helpless until he had summoned a hackney carriage or a constable. I suspect the identity of this noble duke, and perhaps it was the only mistake he made in strategy. He should have walked straight on, and left the *hero of the quill* behind.

But the duke might easily have suffered a worse fate. He might have been accosted by a shopman. These in 1836 seem to have been the lowest of the low.

"By tradespeople I do not mean merchants or manufacturers, but shopkeepers and retailers of various goods, who will do well to remember that people are respectable in their own sphere only, and when they attempt to step out of it, *they cease to be so*."

Or again—

"Never allow any person above the rank of a shopman to leave the room without your ringing the bell for the street door to be opened." I have tried this device with my own bell in vain. I think there must be something wrong with the wiring.

In certain ways, however, the duke of 1946 retains one of the privileges of the past. "Never affect," says my book, "the ruffianly style of dress, unless, indeed, you hold a brilliant position in Society. A nobleman, or an exceedingly elegant and refined man, will occasionally disguise himself, and assume the 'ruffian,' as it amuses him to mark the surprise of people at the *contrast* between his appearance and his manners."

Or, as we might say nowadays, between his *manners* and his *coupons*.

But there are other useful hints to the would-be gentleman in which time has wrought no change.

"Never sit in the boxes of a theatre with your *hat on*, it is an insult to the rest of the audience, especially if there be ladies."

"Finger-glasses come in with the dessert . . . but do not practise the *filthy* custom of gargling your mouth at table . . ."

These cautions ring as true in 1946 as they did for MR. TIMMS OF THE TREASURY. Nor is the *fair sex* wholly forgotten. In a section devoted to the undesirability of repeating conversations we read:

"Only fancy the result of one lady saying to another 'Well, Maria, what do you think Miss Macaw says of you? She says, that you have the thickest ankles, and the thinnest arms, of any girl in the county, with a figure like an *Alligator*, and a head like a *Bison*!!!'"

I suppose that might create a *coolness* even in our own times, though there is more to be said for the *vulgar custom* of "having printed on one's cards 'Mrs. Capt. Gubbins, Mrs. Dr. Borax,' or the more balmy and euphonious appellation of 'Mrs. Col. Figgins' (generally the flaxen-haired owner of a bilious Colonel, from 'Choultry Plains,' and late of Cheltenham)." I think I should rather like this *vulgar custom* to be restored.

As I said, I have borrowed this book, and I seem to have stolen a good deal of its contents. It is reprinted by the Turnstile Press, very pleasantly illustrated by Mr. Brian Robb, and goes easily into the pocket of my surtout.

But I do not think I shall return it. I shall send it on as a Christmas gift to some ruffianly shopman, or some *upstart* of the Treasury, still better of the Inland Revenue, to show him that true gentility is a thing, not of fashion, but of the MIND.

EVOE.

• •

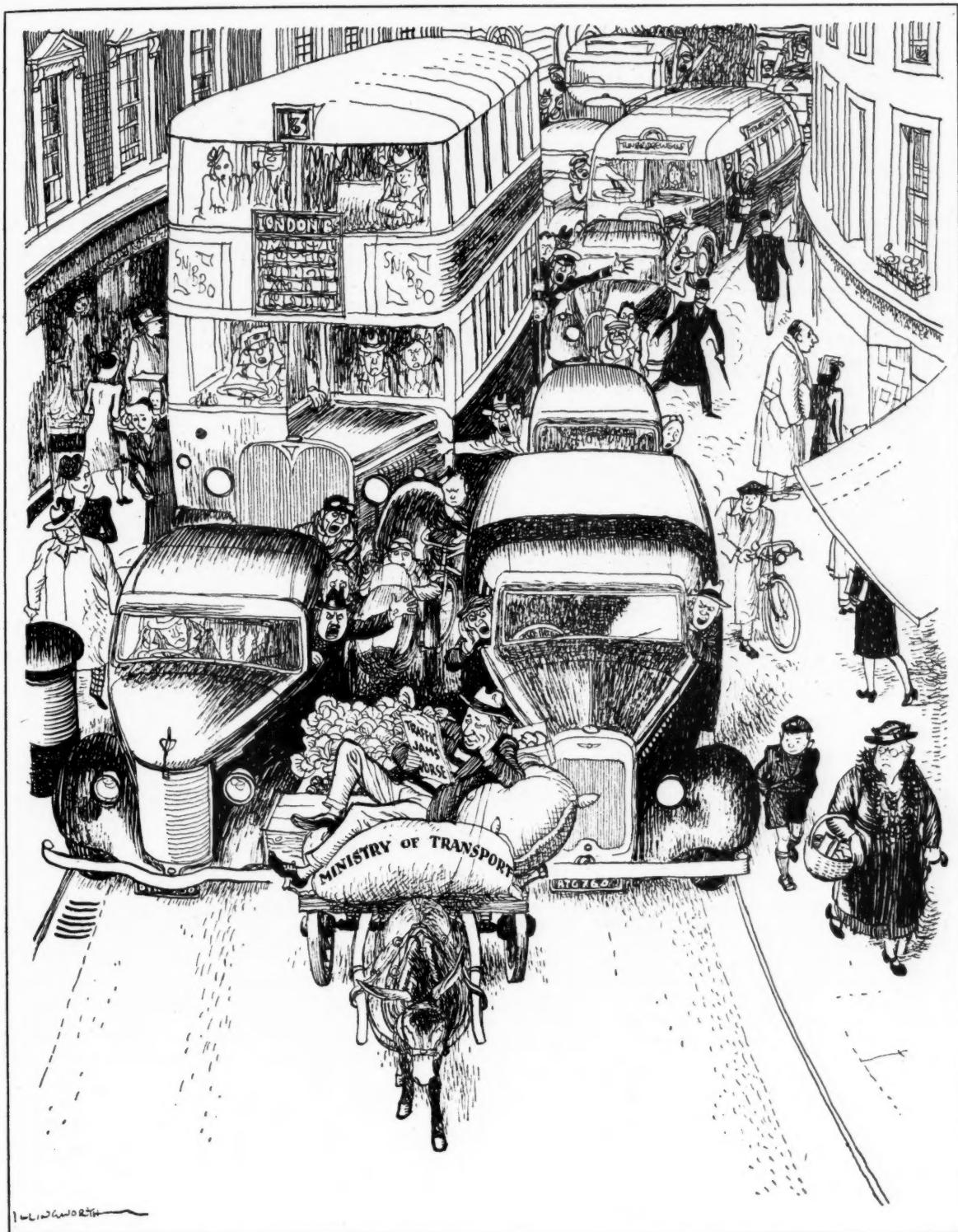
"Parrot wanted for elderly gent., must be reasonable."
Advt. in *Wolverhampton paper*.

The old boy wants to win *all* the arguments.

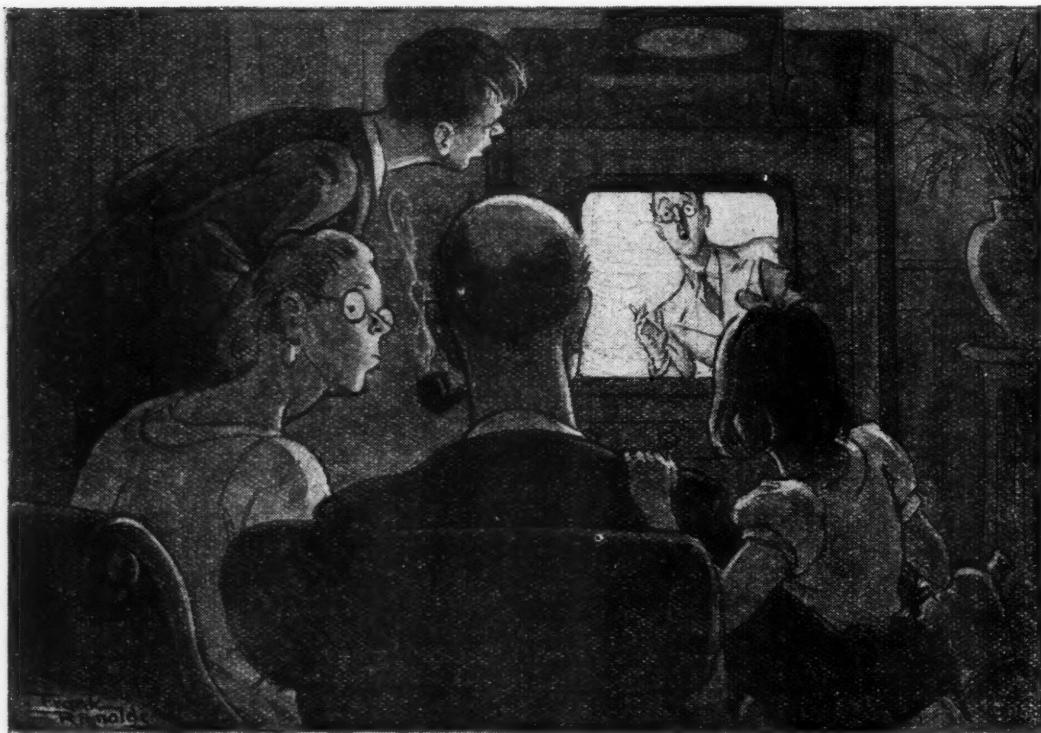
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"For Sale.—Smooth-Haired Fox-Breeding Eggs, at £2/10/6 per two years old, first-class watch-dog, used to sleeping indoors. First cheque £1/15/- gets him."—Advt. in *S. African paper*.

Why, it's worth the money to see what turns up.



"WAKE UP, CHUM!"



"As we have a few minutes in hand, you might like to see some snaps I took on my holidays last summer."

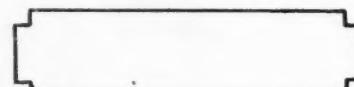
You, Too, Can be a Carpenter.

MORE and more is it becoming necessary for the ordinary householder to do for himself those odd jobs about the house that used to be done for him by the artisan. By the artisan I mean the pleasant, capable chap who used to arrive when one had rung up and asked them to send someone to fix a towel-rail behind the kitchen door. Artisans could also mend electric fires, fix loose tiles and make shelves with rounded edges fit quite snugly inside airing-cupboards. They charged very moderately for their services and the Latin for them, as I remember it, was either *artifex* or *opifex*—probably the latter except for highly-finished jobs. Common they were to either sex too, when Plancus was consul, in itself an interesting commentary on the position of women in ancient Rome.

Now they have vanished. And in their place is a rude man at the other end of the telephone saying he can't promise anything unless it's war-damage, and even then he's snowed under and can't get the ladders for love nor money. I never asked for ladders. You don't need a ladder to fix a glass shelf over the downstairs basin unless you are physically as well as mentally stunted, as I told him. But that was in July and nobody's been yet, so I suppose he is going to be as unhelpful as the rest of them. I shall have to put it up myself, as usual.

I have made some book-shelves already, of a simple type. Three shelves averaging about four feet long are

held together by two 3-foot uprights cut from the same 10-inch-wide planking. The method of joining shelf to upright is of course the elementary mortice and tenon principle. For the benefit of absolute beginners, here is a shelf with tenons:



(This is a bit of 10" wood — measuring 9 $\frac{1}{8}$.)

looked at from above, you see. And here is an upright with three mortices as you would see it if you were lying on one of the shelves, only I have made it horizontal to save space.



(This is a bit of the same wood — measuring 10 $\frac{1}{8}$, dash it.)

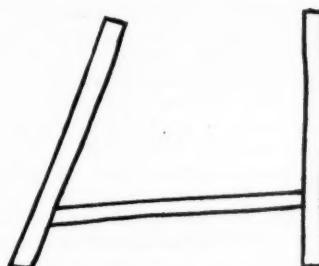
To fit the parts together you only have to push the tenons into their corresponding mortices at each end (*de mortice nil nisi tenon, eh?*) and fix them with glue or screws or both.

There are, however, one or two rules about mortices and tenons worth knowing before you start.

1. *Nothing is ever at right angles to anything else.*
2. *Parallel lines meet almost at once.*
3. *Two pieces of wood cut the same length as a third are never by any chance equal to each other.*
4. *All wood is warped.*

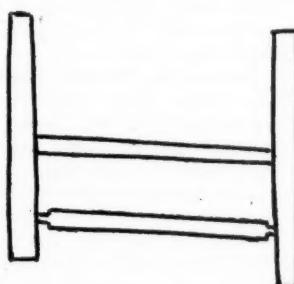
Put in non-technical terms this means that the end of a tenon is not at right angles to its sides, the sides are not at right angles to the shoulders, and the shoulders are not at right angles to the edges of the plank which in themselves are not parallel. Care must be taken when fitting tenons of this description into mortices with non-vertical sides whose upper and lower edges are not at right angles with the sides of the uprights nor parallel with each other, nor parallel nor even in the same plane (owing to warping) with the upper and lower edges of mortices above and below them. But it is a mistake to worry too much about the angles of your joints. Errors sometimes cancel each other out, and you may always rely upon a certain amount of play to assist adjustment—if only because your tenons will be of different lengths at either end and will have the upper surface longer or shorter than the under according to whether you tend to cut inwards or outwards when sawing. And always remember that even the best fitting joint is a pure waste of time since the over-all length of your shelves is certain to be different. This point will become clearer when I explain the method of assembly.

To assemble your book-case, begin by fitting the lowest shelf into the two bottom mortices in the uprights, taking care to ensure that the shoulders of your tenons fit close up against the uprights, without any ugly gaps.



(Note tenons fitting snugly.)

Don't worry if to do this one of the uprights has to be inclined slightly out of the vertical. This will adjust itself, as we shall see, when the second shelf is forced into position.

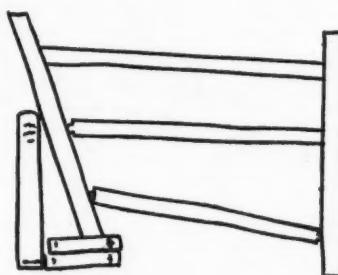


(Note uprights are now upright.)

You may notice at this stage that one or other of the uprights, but rarely both, has a tendency to lift itself clear of the floor, at the same time, perhaps, twisting itself over

backwards in a way I find it impossible to illustrate in two dimensions. Let it. The explanation is simply that you have cut your mortices at rather different intervals at the two ends and that the middle shelf is warped sideways as well as lengthways, if I make myself clear.

We now come to the crux of the whole business, the fitting of the third shelf. Some people prefer to alter their plans at this point and be content with just the two shelves. It gives nice deep end-pieces, they say, to what now becomes the top shelf. But those who prefer to complete what they set out to do may like to know how I overcame the difficulty in my own case, or my own (book-) case as I might write. Here it is:



(Note. It looks as if all the shelves had got larger at this stage. Nothing could surprise me less.)

I get in a couple of extra novels under the left-hand leg, you will notice, and a tall edition of the *Inferno*—always a difficult book to accommodate—forms the flying buttress. To keep the buttress in place it is only necessary to stand the case in a corner, where it looks very well. H. F. E.



"She says I've HAD this allocation."

At the Pictures

A Good Pair

No doubt it is only temporarily and locally effective, this evocation of nostalgia (one might call it) that the best British films achieve so well. A few years hence, or in another country, the average audience perhaps will not be so much moved and charmed and entertained by what seems to us now the admirably skilful re-creation of mood (the very taste of 1939, of 1940, of 1941) which is the strength of such pictures as *The Way to the Stars* and the new one, *School for Secrets* (Director: PETER USTINOV); but this conclusion is only to be reached intellectually, for emotion is too strong, memories are too recent. *School for Secrets* does for "boffins" (the Service word for "back-room" scientific workers) what *In Which We Serve*, *The Way Ahead* and *The Way to the Stars* did for the three Services, and does it very well and enjoyably indeed.

It tells the story of the invention of radar, by following the war-time communal life of a small group of scientists billeted in the country for secret experiments. They exasperate each other, they become friends, we get to know them as individuals, and all the time we are aware of the progress and significance of the work they are doing. Some of them go up to test radar in action, another drops with paratroops to supervise the dismantling of an enemy installation, and this leads to scenes of very great tension and excitement; but the strength of the picture, I repeat, is in the way it recreates for us remembered moods and feelings of a few years ago. This it does with a wealth of acutely observed detail (Mr. USTINOV wrote the film, as well as directing it) and a great deal of first-rate playing. RALPH RICHARDSON is the star, and no one could be better; but RAYMOND HUNTLEY and JOHN LAURIE, among others, are almost equally memorable.

I found hardly a thing to object to except a certain hastiness with some compara-

tively unimportant connecting-shots meant to summarize the passage of

time (the too-easy laugh, for instance, at the angler who says "The boot is on the other foot" and at that moment catches a boot).



J.H.D.

[*School for Secrets*]

RADAR HEADS TOGETHER

Prof. Laxton Jones	RAYMOND HUNTLEY
Dr. Dainty	ERNEST JAY
Prof. Heatherville	RALPH RICHARDSON
Dr. McVitie	JOHN LAURIE
Mr. Watlington	DAVID TOMLINSON



J.H.D.

[*A Matter of Life and Death*]

LEGAL ARGUMENT IN HEAVEN

Dr. Reeves	ROGER LIVESLEY
Judge	ABRAHAM SOFAER
Abraham Farlan	RAYMOND MASSEY

The trouble with *A Matter of Life and Death* (written, produced and directed by MICHAEL POWELL and EMERIC PRESSBURGER) can be, I think, traced to the interaction of two things: first the old, the perennial British-film tendency to go all-out for any response (usually a laugh) at any opportunity, without considering its relevance to the mood or the entire effect, and second the current determination to please the U.S. market. This gives us a great number of Anglo-American jokes, stuffed in purely because they are jokes that may go down well in America. (They go down well enough here too, I admit; not because the audience finds them particularly funny, but because it regards them as very old, half-American friends.)

"This is a story," we are told, "of Two Worlds, the one we know and Another which exists only in the mind of a young airman . . ." In fact on analysis the story comes down to this: a man having a brain operation dreams about it, unconsciously dramatizing his own situation in terms of another world—and not particularly fresh or unusual terms, either. As he is in love with an American girl, Anglo-U.S. bickering assumes a startling importance in his imaginary heaven. At the end we discover that the message of the whole film is only the message of the average Hollywood film: "Nothing"—ROGER LIVESLEY has to declaim this without even being allowed to put his tongue in his cheek—"Nothing is stronger than love."

Summed up like that, I agree, the piece does not sound promising. How, then, to account for its being almost continuously attractive, interesting, amusing and enjoyable? By the fact, of course, that it is made with humour and skill. The bad traps of sentimentality are avoided, as much through the cheerful, competent playing of DAVID NIVEN (as the airman) and others as through the confident smooth direction. R. M.

Thitherth

I WAS shocked, after colliding with a former friend at a street corner the other night, to find him so sadly changed. It was my first meeting with Albert since we quarrelled years ago over an absurdly long swishing overcoat he persisted in wearing against my advice. He still wore it, collar up and his hands deep in its pockets, but he was now so bent over with gloom that it lapped mournfully against his ankles in front like sea ripples.

"I'm afraid I've knocked your hat back in the collision," I apologized.

"No. I wear it like that," he replied despondently. "I find I think better with the night air on me forehead."

"Why not confide in me?" I asked, touched by his misery. "I can see you have a lot on your mind."

"I'm weighing up form for me football coupon."

"The pools—is that all? I just put down anything—it's all the same. Why waste time thinking about it?"

"More intellectual," he said, with his old obstinacy.

"But you'll get just as good forecasts with a pin, Albert."

"A pin!" he echoed with savage scorn. "I don't want no pin. What d'you think we were given a brain for? I believe in thinking 'em out, but how can I think with that there dog follerin' me around all the time?"

I had not noticed before that a small dog was sitting behind him. It was a charming little thing, with warm affectionate eyes.

"If the dog bothers you, why not leave it indoors?" I asked.

"But it ain't *my* dog! It took a liking for me a month ago. Now every time I open me front door I find it waiting for me."

"Then discourage it—shout at it or something."

"I've tried that," he replied despairingly. "Every now and then I chuck a brick near it, but I ain't got the heart to hurt it."

"Well then, try kindness—give it a bone and hurry away."

"I did, but it hurried arter me, bone and all."

"In that case you must stay at home and think."

"I can't," he moaned. "I can only think proper when I'm out walking with me hat back."

It was a difficult problem, and one that had to be solved quickly. I could see that Albert's care-laden shoulders would soon stoop to the point where



"I've no room in my house for a work of art, unless it's utilitarian."

he would start treading on his overcoat and perhaps sustain a nasty fall. I thought furiously.

"I think I have it!" I cried suddenly. "I remember a dog-fancier telling me once that dogs have a rooted dislike for sibilants. The hissing reminds them of cats, I suppose. Now there is one word, according to him, that will repel almost any dog. Let us see what happens."

A gleam of hope came to Albert's eyes as I approached the dog.

"Scissors!" I hissed. The dog shied away and then hastily sought refuge under Albert's coat.

"Now we can get rid of it without violence," I said with a smile.

"That ain't no better," grumbled Albert. "Look at him—all over me feet now."

"Don't you understand? The dog is avoiding *me*. All you have to do is to

shout 'scissors' yourself and it will leave you."

Albert's face broke into a radiant smile.

"What a weight off me mind," he said thankfully. "Thank you. You're a real friend in need. I'll try it."

He drew himself up and took a deep breath.

"Thitherth!" he shouted. The dog sat and gazed up at him fondly and wagged its tail. The light died from Albert's eyes. His shoulders sagged again in despair; his hat settled down with a shudder; his moustache retracted into his coat-collar.

"Scissors, man, not 'thitherth,'" I cried. "Hiss it!"

"I've jutht had all me front teeth out," he lisped hoarsely. "I can't thay thitherth."

With slow dragging steps he moved off into the night, followed by the dog.



"Rest assured, madam, that our factories are just as sick and tired of us worrying them as we are of you worrying us."

November Mist

NOVEMBER Mist came, sober-foot, to town
Before the quart'ring steeple belled "Awake,"
Before the torpid burgher moved his grown
Fat chin or bellied down the stairs to take
Breakfast in his dressing-gown.

In town Mist changed.
His fickle fancy ranged
The twist of street and byway.
He dipped his feet into the river,
Made the reeds and rushes quiver,
And then, upon the highway
Licked thin cats along the gutters
Past congealed scraps of late-night suppers.
But in the market-place he paused.
Why hurry? Better sit awhile
And ponder—"upon this marble pile
Monstrosity," he thought. He caused
The bear-eyed pigeons crumpled pain
Where they perched in shrouds above the main
Through-road. He yawned and stretched his hand.
He crammed the coach's band
Of yellow light against its opaque screen.
The driver braked and swore.
Mist laughed loud—"Encore, encore."
His laughter, mischievous and lean,
Spread. It choked the clean, cold
Morning air. It choked the gold

From the wide sky—and then the men,
Humped spectres on the way to earn
A meagre bread, trying to burn
Damp dottles that hissed like a pen
On her nest. Mist allowed his curls
To kiss the encrusted lips of factory girls,
To drip seed pearls on a spider's web.
Ah, Life! Ah, Joy! Ah . . .

He felt a hand upon his shoulder steal—
A sudden hand that seared him like a goad,
Burned his joy, dried his laughter, made him reel
His scattered senses down the ribbon road,
Dragging the sun-whipped whisper of his heel.

Dinner

ANY of my readers who have ever threaded a hasty duster through a dining-room chair-back, or stood at a bus-stop feeling tidier and later than anyone else in a queue—such readers will understand me when I say that it is with the social aspects of dinner that I propose to deal to-day; and the basic, unchanging social aspects at that. Nowadays people are less apt to wear fancy-dress for dinner, more apt to ask their hosts where they buy their door-mats; but at heart they are still the same. They still don't really know what it means when people ask them to dinner at a quarter-past seven for half-past; and they still wait anxiously on the door-step, telling themselves they wouldn't be so certain this was the evening they were invited for if it wasn't, that now they come to think of it they have no proof whatever that this is the right evening beyond being certain it was, and that if the door-opener looks at all hostile they must rely on their charm and *savoir-faire* to laugh the whole thing off. The result of all this of course is that the more welcoming the door-opener the heartier the cry of "Have I got the date right?" Psychologists find this rather interesting, what interests them being that the date somehow always *is* right.

I was saying that people nowadays do not wear any special clothes to go out to dinner in, and I should like to recall the days when they did, if only to cheer up those of my readers who approach the right-hand end of their wardrobe rail with the emotion proper to unworn evening-dress. (Psychologists consider it a fine example of human adaptability that an emotion which did not exist a few years ago should now almost qualify as an instinct. They define it as a blend of nostalgia, expectation and antagonism to possible moth.) I wonder if my readers can remember how they found out if they were or were not meant to dress for dinner? Statisticians are no help here because they cannot remember either; but they do have a hazy idea that there were border-line occasions, and a dim recollection that it was easier then than now to take too many clothes away for the week-end, and that people tended to appear at dinner wearing the clothes they were hoping not to have to. They believe that the nub of the dressing question was that people were supposed to aim at looking like what they expected the other people at dinner would look like too. Even nowadays this principle holds good; I don't think even the most blasé of my readers get ready for going out to dinner without visualizing such of the other guests as they know about and then deciding to wear what they were going to all along.

All this talk about dress may be frightening my more unassuming readers; so to cheer them up I will go on to



"This is one of the most thankless jobs I've ever struck, Miss Carstairs."

table-mats, polishable and otherwise. Polishable table-mats may be defined as mats which need polishing but sometimes escape notice until the person who has asked the other people to dinner goes fussing round the table beforehand, when a number of dull-textured interlocking rings becomes apparent near the middle of each mat. Whether they are square tiles painted with surprised birds, lacquer discs with a tendency to horizontal gold clouds, or shiny reproductions of old London—and it is difficult for table-mats not to be one of these types—all mats get these interlocking rings, and pretty scruffy they look too with them. They repay the polisher with a glow of achievement, but it is doubtful if the visitors will notice they are clean, simply because they never knew they were dirty. (This applies also to the carved holes in chair-backs and the tops of electric-light switches; but my readers must remember that any dust that is left around will be noticed like mad, and they will perhaps, after reading this, take a dispassionate or visitor's look at the grooves round the picture-frames.) As for those unpolishable or lace mats, the only alternative to having washed them in advance is to turn the unsatisfactory ones upside-down and realize that they were upside-down already. The knives and forks each side of the mats are worth mentioning because some people put the little knife on the left of the big one; or—if my readers belong to the other camp—on the right. This, with the rather unlegalized position regarding pudding spoons and forks, is why it does not pay to get just any friend to lay the table for us. No one wants to hurt anyone's feelings by moving things round, but still less does anyone want to be thought the sort of person who puts little knives to the left of big ones, except the sort of person who does. And, talking of hurting feelings, the present-day

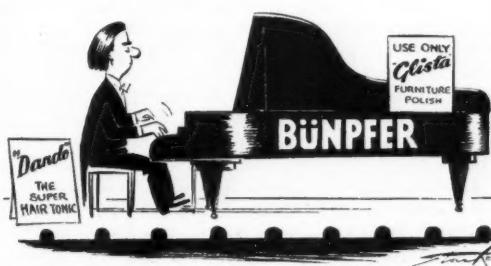
spread of washing-up has brought a growing feeling that sociologists ought to tell guest washers-up which offends their hosts less—putting the kitchen spoons and forks away in the dining-room drawer, or putting the dining-room ones away in the kitchen. I don't think my readers need me to point out the very subtle implications here, because they must have come up against the problem themselves; and probably decided that the solution is to lump the lot on the kitchen-table and risk being thought lazy.

Now I must address a few words to the people who go out to dinner and are no sooner settled down afterwards than they start picking over the pile of magazines which few households are cunning enough to keep out of their guests' way; in fact they are inclined rather to leave it conspicuously around, with the highbrow reviews on top to hide those unmental glossy magazines they have had since February. Hosts might not mind, perhaps, if their guests kept to the highbrow stuff; at least, they would be no more annoyed than anyone would at watching anyone read what they themselves have read once already. What does madden them is the way everyone makes for the glossies, and what they find maddening is watching anyone read what everyone else has read already. However, psychologists tell us that this sort of thing is deeply embedded in human nature—dentists' waiting-rooms know what they are up to—and wise hosts will let their guests read themselves out and come to the surface with that sudden slamming-back of the magazine which means that renunciation had been yeastng up in them for the last three pages. Psychologists would like to add that this sort of thing is a sign that our visitors are friends of old standing, if it were not that the merest acquaintances may do it if the pile is near enough. Another thing I want to say about guests is their endearing habit of thinking secretly that the news on their hosts' wireless is rather clever to be the same as it would be on their own. I mean, they are not so silly as to think it could be different, but they cannot help noticing that a different-sounding voice is coming out of a different-shaped box.

Finally I want to mention the effect guests have on a household after they have left it. It is as if they have bequeathed another fifteen minutes of the well-mannered sociability engendered by the evening. Or let me put it more simply this way. After they have gone and the household has made for the kitchen to finish the jam tarts, it will find itself talking with what I can only call unwanted animation, as if it still had company listening to it; and the animation is no less unwanted whether it is discussing Tolstoy or arguing about a tidier way of keeping its sauce-pans.

Impending Apology

"To the regret of many members, Major —— has accepted the post of Secretary to the —— Golf Club." —*Hants. paper.*



An Innocent at Large

[*Mr. Punch's special representative is spending a few months in America to find out what is really happening over there.*]

VII—Minneapolis

IT is easy enough to be critical of any town when for more than half your stay in it your eyes are filled very painfully with grit. It is still easier when you are kept awake the other half by the most fiendish and nerve-shattering fire-alarms. But I will do my best for Minneapolis. After all, I came here uninvited, of my own free



will and, worse luck, with my eyes wide open. St. Paul, Minneapolis's twin-city across the river, is not included in this outburst, for I saw nothing of it except its railroad station.

Not that I saw so much more of Minneapolis. The constant battle with the aerial part of the Minnesota prairie kept me wincing and blinking like an aguish owl. Still, I collected enough material for a nice little best-seller to be called *Brush Up Your Senses*, or something like that. I now understand the phenomenon of the dust-bowl, and I urge the City Fathers, Old Nokomis included, not to stint on water-carts. After all, there's plenty of water available—the mighty Mississippi winds along only two blocks from my hotel. Here he is Young Man River, well-behaved and very beautiful, especially when the sunlight gets among his cascades. Later on in life he meets up with all manner of turbulent, blustering hangers-on (Missouri, Ohio, Arkansas, etc.) and becomes wayward, moody and dangerous. But you can see Ol' Man River in the youngster if you look carefully.

Through the courtesy of the Minneapolis Public Library, several "cops," and a man with whom I ate "Coney Islands" in "Jack's Place" the other night, I have been able to amass much interesting information about Minneapolis and environs. This, carefully absorbed, should prove useful to those studying for the following examinations. . . . Well, Minneapolis is poised rather neatly on the 45th parallel, so that it is equidistant from the pole and the equator.

Secretly, most Minneapolitans are proud of this fact, for it adds physical support to their claims to neutrality and middle-of-the-road common-sense in matters political.

The city's main shopping street is named after Father Louis Hennepin, who was converting redskins here as far back as 1680. (Two extra marks.) Minnesota is rich in Indian tradition. On the Minnehaha Parkway there is a statue (I have seen it put "stat-chu") which shows Hiawatha carrying his girl-friend across the angry waters. I have seen many solid citizens who look like my idea of Old Nokomis, but none bearing the slightest resemblance to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. As the librarian put it, H. W. L. was "strictly from Massachusetts" and never even visited the place.

In Minneapolis you feel deep in the heart of the Middle West. The city squats on the prairie and its skies are high, wide and handsome in all directions. Buildings are tall, but they do not scrape the clouds as they do in New York and Chicago. Real skyscrapers would be out of place here, a vulgar fetish, for the linear emphasis everywhere is horizontal—in the plain stretching away to the Rockies, the smooth sweep of the river and the lakes of corn. Minneapolis was part of the land acquired from Napoleon through the Louisiana Purchase of 1803. At about \$14 millions it was a good buy—almost as good as Peter Minuit's deal with the Indians in 1626 when for a few beads, buttons and other trinkets valued at £6 he got possession of Manhattan island.

For many years after the purchase Minnesota was a land disputed by rival tribes of Indians and rival gangs of white men. According to an American *College Outline of History* I have been reading, "British influence at the fur-posts along the Great Lakes was not conducive to peaceful relations between American settlers and the tribes on the North-Western Territory," and I can well believe it. Why,



"Not THE Mr. Nokomis."

I can well remember how my great-grandfather Ephraim used to tell us . . . but never mind, let sleeping huskies lie.

"Minne" is Sioux Indian for "water," "Haha" is Dakota for "falls"; and anecdote has it that Minnehaha was the name first suggested for the city—"Minne" for

Minneapolis, "Haha" for St. Paul. St. Paul very properly objected. Minneapolis was a beautiful compromise.

Yesterday's Minneapolis *Morning Tribune* published an article which revived the old pioneering spirit:

"For three days we had travelled in the heavy belt of timber which extended from the cloudy waters of the Minnesota river to the borders of the north-western open country. We were satisfied with the soil, timber, prairie and water. Some of the party wanted to establish the proposed town-site a short distance west of the crossing of Buffalo Creek, others . . ."

That was only ninety years ago. The grit there was in those days! And the eyes it must have blown into!

There should be an extra three marks surely for this: "In the Middle West the percentage of farm houses with telephones is the highest in the country and the world." (Telephone Directory of Minneapolis—please acknowledge.) Moreover, the Falls of St. Anthony provide power for what are probably the largest mills in the world, and Minneapolis turns out about 36,000 barrels of flour a day. Most of it is made, I think, into breakfast cereals which will render almost any musical expression (when immersed in milk) from a simple pop! or crackle! on the down-beat to quite complicated harmonics. The breakfast-time cacophony in the coffee room of my hotel is only just bearable.

True or false, it is said that the Metropolitan Airport is four and a half hours from New York, twenty-nine from Moscow and twenty from Tokyo. (Check this, examinees—well worth it in the long run.) What else? Oh, yes. Minnesota has all the other forty-seven States whacked for the number of hunters to the acre. North Dakota's figures, I learn, are ruined by an obsolete law which prevents aliens from shooting pheasant and other forms of life I can't pronounce. Then the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos (that strain again!) is one of the best in the Union; there are three hundred and twenty-five churches, a fine collection of jade at the Walker Art Center and America's most beautiful girls, mostly of Scandinavian origin. Facts. Solid facts.

Whichever way you look at it Minneapolis is more than a thousand miles from the sea; and distance, it seems, makes the heart grow fonder and the stomach stronger. So the immense number of sea-food restaurants is not really surprising:

IF IT SWIMS WE HAVE IT
Lobsters, Oysters, Clams, Scallops, Fried Shrimps
and Frog Legs.
To satisfy the most fastidious.

*

Enjoy a Crustacean Debauch, served under the personal direction of Earl Dutro.
Mon. thro' Thurs. 11 to 9.

But don't imagine that Minneapolitans scorn the terrestrial viands:

"Man-sized breakfasts . . . and the speciality is mouth-melting waffles . . ."

"Nick's Cafe—Knishes, horsch, borsch, Kreplach, gefilte fish, cheese cake and apple strudle."

"Normandy Kitchen . . . inch-thick steak and chops, served on sizzling platters and at surprisingly sensible prices . . ."

"Venice Cafe—long spaghetti with meat balls, topped with tangy cheese."

By the way, in case you were puzzled just now by my reference to "Coney Islands," dare I say that they are frankfurters plus—a roll of disgustingly white bread

inlaid with a tight-skinned sausage garnished with mustard, onions and gravy. Well worth eating.

In Minneapolis, as in Chicago, I have talked with business men and discovered that all is not well with Anglo-American



"No, just a sort of pilgrim."

trading relations. There is a ridiculous tendency here to condemn our minor British faults as examples of that same insolence which was once the chief cause of war—especially the trouble of 1812. Merchants tell me that British manufacturers are so discourteous that they do not reply to orders that cannot immediately be fulfilled; that when they do write they address their correspondents as "My dear —," which in the United States is a very formal and snooty greeting; that they put the date all wrong in order to confuse their clients (in the U.S.A. "5—10—46" means the tenth of May). There are other complaints, too, about our rigid insistence on the British definitions of gallon and hundredweight. Goodness knows what happens where our customers don't speak anything like the same basic language!

I believe that American business men *do* take the trouble to acquaint themselves with foreign practices in commercial correspondence, and I can understand their wrath when some British business men seem happy to regard such tactics as unnecessary. And if that isn't a strong note to end on I should like to know what is. HOD.

○ ○

Take Your Choice.

"Upright Lady's 20-in. cycle for Sale; also Low Lady's Sports Model. Both in good condition."—Advt. in "Oxford Mail."

○ ○

"Before the war the herd totalled more than 300; no wit is 120." Evening paper.
No, it's a dangerous trade . . .



"I could stand anything if you wouldn't keep saying 'This is the most unkindest cut of all'."

Opéra Bouffe

OME men consider they're as brave as the sons of Sparta to sit through *Madame Butterfly* or *La Traviata*. Others would far rather relive the retreat from Mons than listen for a second to Kirsten Flagstadt or Lily Pons.

But me? I only need a whiff of Wagner, a mere promise of Puccini, to melt like grease in a frying-pan, and as for Rossini . . . ! Of course I don't like to speak of it too much, but do you know, my soul floats to the roof of Covent Garden when I hear Gounod; it rises like yeast to the roof of Sadler's Wells when I hear Bizet, and as for listening to Mozart or Beethoven, or even Gluck, why I nearly die I feel so dizet!

Even after an opera by Glinka, or Stravinsky, I am so wrought up I cannot sleep a winka, not a single winsky.

Two notes from Lotte Lehmann or one note from Gigli tie my inside into a cat's cradle. This may sound excessively sigli but it's the truth. Even Joan Cross turns my bones to floss.

So you see, I do like the opera. I love all those fat people shouting like golden-throated pouter pigeons on some heavenly outing, straining their busts across calico nighties, loving each other with worried eyes fixed on the conductor or the scenery stuck in the flies. Yet, though my heart too goes up to heaven when they sing, I must confess I've a little tender spot reserved for Bing; and though I may worship Melchior with a purple passion, I have been faithful to thee, Sinatra, in my fashion.

V. G.



SOLDIERS' LUCK

"Rum blokes these! First we fight a war to save them, and then they blow us up."

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Tuesday, November 12th.—State Opening of Parliament. House of Commons: Cheers for Churchill.

Wednesday, November 13th.—House of Commons: Rights of Private Members.

Thursday, November 14th.—House of Commons: Future of Germany.

Tuesday, November 12th.—A domestic note in the King's Speech, delivered from the Throne in their Lordships' House—temporarily restored to them for the occasion of the State opening of Parliament—made to-day's ceremony particularly memorable.

The Cabinet's anxiety to mollify the householder could be read into the passage: "They (the Government) recognize that the housewives of the nation have had to bear a specially heavy burden owing to the shortages of houses, of foodstuffs and of other consumer goods. It will be their constant endeavour to alleviate the hardships and inconveniences caused by this legacy from the years of war."

As the KING outlined the Government's intentions for the coming year—foremost among them nationalization measures covering inland transport and electricity undertakings—noble and hon. Members reflected moodily on the days of toil ahead of them.

And before you could say "Rouge Dragon Pursuivant"—or, to put it into the more modest language of the official records, "The House went and having returned"—their Lordships were back in the King's Robing Room and hon. Members were reseated on the red leather benches of the House of Lords getting down to the serious business of the new session.

Upon the shoulders of the shy Mr. H. C. USBORNE, from Birmingham, and ex-Corporal J. H. HOY, from Leith, fell the nerve-racking responsibility of moving and seconding the Address in the Commons.

With the traditional humility of a Back-bencher thrust for a fleeting spell into the hallowed but unpaid ranks of the Parliamentary Private Secretaries in the Ministerial shadows, Mr. USBORNE confessed his shortcomings and his inexperience.

He was not really a politician, he asserted, but an engineer—more at home examining blue-prints than White Papers. In the end he proved himself to be an idealist—an idealist of the type warmly approved by Mr. CHURCHILL, for he looked forward, like

Mr. CHURCHILL, to the emergence of a United States of Europe.

All this time Mr. RALPH ASSHETON, the Tory ex-chairman, was looking thoroughly unhappy—firstly because he was obliged by custom as a Member for the City of London to sit on the Government Front Bench; secondly because tradition dictated that he should wear a gleaming top-hat.

Whether or not Sir WILLIAM DARLING—the Darling of Edinburgh—thought that national pride would be outraged if he did not emulate the City of London's representative, hon. Members could only guess. But there

'Hooray.' You have to do it by numbers; to move your hat at the command 'One, two, and three' to the cheering position. You then wait until your section-leader gives you the 'Hip, hip' before you come in with the 'hooray.'"

It was Mr. CHURCHILL's misfortune that by that time he had moved off down the road and out of sight.

Mr. CHURCHILL appeared to be duly grateful for this explanation of the missing "hip, hips" and the subsequent "hoorays," and warmly commended Mr. HOY.

Mr. ATTLEE sprang to the defence of the former Service Ministers after Mr. CHURCHILL had deplored the mismanagement of the armed forces during the last year, and in so doing hurled into the Parliamentary arena the worst mixed metaphor for many a day.

"I do not think it lies in the mouth of anyone to throw stones," he ventured. And that seemed to be all that could usefully be said about the matter.

The Prime Minister then refused to be drawn into a controversy on housing, presuming that Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN would be willing to "cross swords" with Mr. CHURCHILL on house-building.

"We want him to build houses, not to cross swords," interjected Mr. CHURCHILL, but Mr. ATTLEE got out of this one by welcoming any help Mr. CHURCHILL could give, whether mental or manual.

Wednesday, November 13th.—Earl WINTERTON emerged unexpectedly to-day as leader of an un-Popular Front movement. Hon. Members had been wrangling for some considerable time over whether or not the rights and privileges of Private Members should be restored when the noble Earl startled his hearers by the profound remark: "One thing which I have always supported in this House is unpopularity; I believe most firmly in unpopularity."

Moreover, added the Earl, he knew of no more valuable quality in democratic life than for the unpopular Member to be able to raise an unpopular subject.

By this time the noble opponent of the motion—which sought to monopolize the session's time for Government business—was attaining a degree of unpopularity in the eyes of the Treasury Bench which must have reaffirmed his belief in the value of that quality.

Unpopularity, it appeared from Earl WINTERTON's subsequent remarks, had been the path by which Plimsoll secured Parliamentary recognition for the



THE HUNT IS UP.

"The New Government . . . started off with a sort of rollicking gusto to eliminate private enterprise."—Lord Cranborne.

he sat resplendent in a topper which last saw the light of Parliamentary day on Budget Day, beaming benevolently on the seconder of the motion, Mr. HOY, a fellow Scot, as he praised the workers of Leith for their war-time efforts in helping to build Mulberry in record time for D Day.

Mr. CHURCHILL learned at first hand from ex-Corporal HOY, of El Alamein and the Rhine crossing, how the "other ranks" greeted him on one of his war-time North African excursions. It seemed that Mr. CHURCHILL was not spoken of by the troops as the right hon. gentleman the Member for Woodford "in just those words," but in a more affectionate way.

"Unfortunately," lamented Mr. HOY, "in the Army you cannot just lift your hat and with enthusiasm shout



"Japhet keeps saying that there's sure to be another deluge in a few years' time."

Plimsoll mark. It had also enabled one, Henry Labouchere, to "dig up the substratum of hypocrisy which was part of the soil of the country and, in patches, part of the soil of the House."

Being one of the most independent of Independent M.P.s, Mr. W. J. BROWN could hardly have been expected to join any Front, whether un-Popular or otherwise, but he *did* support the noble Earl's argument in reminding hon. Members that again and again in English history the repository of the conscience of England on some great moral issue had been "Some awkward man who would not be shut up by either side of the House."

But in the end the popularity of Mr. MORRISON's motion carried the day, and for another year, at least, no budding Plimsolls will be able to leave any kind of "mark" on Parliamentary history.

Earlier, hon. Members had enjoyed a real "up-and-downer" between Mr. CHURCHILL and Mr. CHUTER EDE, the Home Secretary. The trouble arose over the Government's decision to have another shot at the redistribution of Parliamentary seats, as the most recent attempt by the Boundary Commission had had the unforeseen result of

dismembering communities hitherto unified by historic ties and for purposes of local government.

At his Churchillian and most indignant best the Opposition Leader asked: "Is this not a case of flagrant and shameful gerrymandering?"

Was it not a fact that Mr. MORRISON, as a Member of the former Coalition Government, had been responsible for the Bill by which the Boundary Commission had done its work—Mr. MORRISON, who was a master of electioneering tactics, and who had already been described by the Minister of Health as a "second-rate Tammany boss"?

Good-humour was restored by Mr. EDE suggesting that he and Mr. CHURCHILL were at that time "in very bad company," which warped their decisions on occasions.

But Mr. CHURCHILL, not to be beaten, asked if he might be permitted to dissociate himself from that slur on the Lord President of the Council.

All of which Mr. MORRISON took in good part, leaving the Boundary Commission to "draw the line" somewhere sometime before the next General Election.

Thursday, November 14th.—For the second day in succession the more inquisitive Members who delight in badgering Ministers with awkward questions on this and that were deprived of the Question-hour, so to while away the time they went on drafting question after question until no fewer than seven hundred and twenty found their place on the Order Paper ready for a Ministerial Inquisition at the first opportunity.

Mr. EDEN continued the debate on the Address with an effective and realistic speech on the future of Germany. He appealed to the Government to send a Minister of Cabinet experience to the British zone to assist the Commander-in-Chief, as there was overwhelming evidence to show that our administration there was "falling down on the job."

• •

Lady Friend

If she should have an urge for mink
And diamonds, it's best, I think,
Before she gets entirely tiresome
To take her out and straightway
biresome.

The Celestial Gate

TO the ordinary eye the gate is just the usual sort of garden gate —wired against rabbits, in this case—leading into a thirty-acre wood with grasslands beyond. But to Andrew McPherson, a youthful cairn, and to Colonel Bogey, a fox terrier of riper years, it is the gate that leads to Paradise. In their eyes, I have small doubt, the weathered palings are of purest alabaster, and the rusty padlock, that opens with a grating snarl of protest no matter how much oil you give it, is shining gold.

When the gate is opened the dash through it is made in ecstatic silence and at top speed with the hope, presumably, that an elephant, or a rhinoceros at the very least, may have wandered from the jungles of Africa and may be lurking, even now, behind the first tangle of undergrowth.

A blank is drawn, but are we down-hearted? Not we! Here, at the base of the big larch that is a perfect pyramid of tender green in the spring-time, is the clump of wild rhododendron where a rabbit can sometimes be bolted; and there, twenty yards on, is the spot where Andrew, valiant with the courage of ignorance, presumed upon his first hedgehog. Neither rabbit nor hedgehog is at home to-day, so we race (that is to say, two of us do) over an amber carpet of fallen chestnut leaves regardless of the windfall burrs that lie in wait to stab the unvarying foot.

There he goes! A fat grey squirrel has dropped his nut and has reached sanctuary in the nick of time. I can see the long plume of his tail on one side of a thick oak limb while from the other he looks down, no doubt contemptuously, at the raging pair below whose clumsy efforts to climb the tree must bring a smile to the world's greatest expert.

That long glade ahead of us is filling up with the soft blue haze of November. Here we go more soberly, for within the memory of terriers no rabbit nor hare has ever been put up in this section of the wood, only a rare pheasant whose maddening ability to fly makes pursuit exhausting and invariably fruitless.

A brightness beyond the trees in front cheers us mightily. It means that we are approaching the field of roots where the best of all rabbitting games can be played even if there are no rabbits, which would be unusual. To begin with, you make a race of it down the glade—certainly Andrew

McPherson does, being the possessor of a vivid imagination. The Colonel, conscious of his weight of years, and, I think, secretly ashamed on such occasions of his lack of "nose" which makes him look rather ridiculous the moment he becomes unsighted, takes it at a more or less purposeful canter. Whichever method you adopt to reach the field, the thing to do when you get there is to drive straight into the green sea of nodding root-tops as if you did not intend to stop this side of Christmas. Then—and here you show your artfulness—you suddenly turn at right angles and race along the rows, leaping high at intervals for a wider view, a performance apt to give an onlooker the impression that an unknown species of porpoise has miraculously taken to frolicking on dry land. If these manœuvres produce no rabbits it does not matter. The game goes on until a pool of standing water irresistibly invites two hot pink tongues.

When we move on into the next field it is as well that we are still feeling a bit blown. A tinkle of bells warns us of sheep, and it would have been a trying thing, if we were full of ginger, to exercise the restraint we well know to be necessary. In the circumstances it is wise, and rather good for bellows-mending, to see if you can reduce to a fraction of an inch the distance between your nose and the pair of hard leather heels moving on in front of you. You remember having heard from someone—perhaps it was the old black retriever who was so kind to you when you were a puppy—how, in the good old days when there were no beastly smelly things hooting over the roads in search of dogs to destroy, those spotty cousins of yours, known as plum-pudding dogs, spent most of their time with their noses a fraction of an inch behind the hoofs of monsters called "horses." And, mind you, those hoofs were shod with iron and could cover the ground to the extent of twenty or thirty miles in a day. Well, there is no accounting for tastes, but—Hi! Here's the end of the sheep field, and there's that beautiful water meadow where smells are so astonishingly cold and where there are fascinating slimy things that hop.

A long cast to the left, and we enter the wood again. There is no mistaking the possibilities here. A vast tangle of briar-thicket on the banks of century-old drainage-ditches riddled with burrows as close together as the holes

in a prime Gruyère. Yes, there they go! Before—behind—all over the place! White cotton tails flitting through the autumn twilight like the will-o'-the-wisps they prove to be for a not too canny Scotsman and a Colonel on the reserve.

It has grown pretty dark by this time. There is a delicious smell of wood-smoke in the air. Overhead there are occasional rustlings where, perhaps, the blankets are slipping off the perch. We rise out of a dank hollow full of waist-high bands of mist to the warm breath of higher and more open ground where the day seems half an hour earlier and where there is—a gate.

You might think, possibly, that from this side, the outside, the gate might appear to any eye, even to the eyes of Andrew McPherson and Colonel Bogey, as just the usual sort of garden gate—wired against rabbits.

If you did you would be wrong. Beyond the gate, seeming to shine at a great distance yet in reality quite near, is a row of lighted windows. They mean, among other things, that we are waited for. But more particularly they mean—TEA. It is because of them, therefore, that the gate, which we now can scarcely see, is still all alabaster and gold to a tired cairn and to the rather elderly military character who accompanies him.

As for me, stooping in the dark to fit a key into an elusive lock with numbing fingers, I am very much inclined to agree with them.

At the Ballet

A Correction

In our notice of the Ballet Rambert's *Giselle* in the issue of October 30th, the rôle of *Albrecht, Duke of Silesia*, was unfortunately confused with that of the *Prince*, with the result that praise intended for Mr. WALTER GORE was bestowed upon Mr. MICHAEL BAYSTON. We are also asked to state that the stage at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, which we described as "not much larger than a pocket handkerchief," does in fact compare favourably in size with that at Sadler's Wells, which is well known to be very much larger than a pocket handkerchief.

Our apologies to Mr. BAYSTON, Mr. GORE and all stages concerned.

Turks and Bath-plugs

AT first sight the plumbing in my sea-going bathroom is both frightening and strange. As an example of marine plumbing it stands alone. It may be that the German who originally installed it knew what it was all about, and it could even be that the Turks, for whom the ship was built, shared the secret. If they did they kept it dark.

Frankly, from all practical points of view, my bathroom is not a success—particularly the bath-plug. Without going into the technical intricacies of the installation a brief summary may not come amiss.

Situated at the business, or tap, end, a curly pipe ascends from beneath masses of marble to a point approximately nine inches due north of the bath-end. Mounted on the uppermost end of this pipe is an object closely resembling the antlers of the famous Stag at Bay, with the addition of a movable horn on the centre-line. On the east and west extremities are two taps labelled respectively "Soguk" and "Sikak." These present some difficulty. It is only by bitter experience that one learns the basic difference between them, for while Soguk is quiet and docile in operation, Sikak hisses violently and continuously, blowing forth clouds of scalding steam the while.

My real complaint, however, lies with the horn on the centre-line, this being the drain control. It is labelled on its obverse and reverse sides "Akik," signifying "open," and "Kapali," which means "closed."

Kapali, unfortunately, isn't.

When the horn is placed in Position Kapali a valve closes halfway down the waste-pipe, thus halting the further flow of water. That, at least, is the theory. In actual fact a rat is probably decomposing in the valve, or an albatross building her nest, thus discouraging the effective working of the valve. Whatever the reason the water-level undoubtedly declines rapidly.

There is a solution. Soguk and Sikak can both be turned on at quarter-pressure, with Kapali exercising a slight restraining influence the while. In this, however, lies a snag. I can stand Soguk playing on my left foot without a qualm, but Sikak presents my right foot with quite another problem. I have also tried Sikak at full pressure with Soguk merely standing by, in an effort to take Kapali by surprise. Kapali then turns awkward and refuses to release any water at all. This leaves me with



"Do you have one in which a headmaster disappears in a most mysterious manner?"

the choice of either boiling alive or leaping to the security of the bath-mat. The latter course chosen, Kapali relaxes and rapidly empties the bath, leaving only a tide-mark around the top as evidence.

At this point I hand affairs back to Akik, turn Soguk and Sikak firmly in a clockwise direction, and give Kapali best. Having dressed, I cause the tonsils to Akik wide and pour whisky, Soguk, rapidly upon them on a southerly course.

I wish somebody would tell the Germans how to make bath-plugs.

O.K., Darling

THOUGH all the dads I know would rather
Simply be addressed as Father,
If you want to, call me Pater,
You'll learn lots of Latin later.
Call me Popper if you must, child,
It won't make me sweat or bust, child.
Call me Guv'nor, if you want to,
God knows where respect has gone to.
Call me Daddums, call me Pop,
I'll abjure the razor strop.
One thing's barred and that is Poppy—
Even you can't be that soppy.

Chivalry Costs Nothing.

HERE comes a time when the sensitive man can no longer bear a bus-queue. Weary from staring down busless vistas, disillusioned when a scarlet speck in the distance looms up and booms smugly by, angry when the next two conductors each release a passenger but repulse would-be replacements by punching them in the chest, he is finally driven desperate by the unreproachable submissiveness of the rest of the queue as it endures its humiliations with a sort of stuck-pig resignation . . .

And, speaking for myself, it is at this point that he takes a taxi. Indeed, at my afternoon bus-stop I probably take more taxis than buses. It happened again on Wednesday, but with a difference.

As I shook the dust of the queue from my feet I felt a faint pricking sensation between my shoulder-blades, and knew it for the mute signals coming at me from my fellow-queuers. They were right. Obviously I must have a common destination with one or more of them. What had become of that war-time spirit which forbade a motorist to go his way with even one vacant seat?

"Anybody going to Piccadilly?" I said brightly, trying not to address the invitation too obviously to a blue-eyed girl at the head of the queue. I must have succeeded, because she at once began to read a book.

The rest of the queue was staggered. This was something quite outside its experience, and there was further confusion in the minds of its members over matters of precedence. Ought the usual rules to operate in such an unusual situation? They therefore smiled nervously and went back to gazing hopelessly into the distance. I was about to cry "Drive on" when a floury-faced lady at the queue's tail resolved to make a heap of all her winnings. She took a half-step towards me.

"Would you——?" she said ingratiatingly, risking it all on one turn of pitch-and-toss, "Er—could I——?"

"But of course," I said, my kindly impulse coursing through my veins like a dose of cough-mixture. "Come in."

"Come in" was not what I had meant to say, and implied an offer of asylum a good deal larger and more permanent, but I was concentrating on carrying the situation off with an air. I think I did, up to a point. The effect was marred a little because when she had come in and I had slammed the door and given the driver a staccato direction the taxi only moved five yards before it was halted at the traffic-lights. This particular anti-climax is always embarrassing; on this occasion it had especially awkward features; for one thing, it enabled the end of the bus-queue to look with interest through our windows, for another, the lack of motion combined with the muffled hush and overpowering smell of leather pencil-cases unexpectedly robbed me of the power of speech. I sat there in the middle of London, tongue-tied, with a strange woman at my elbow.

"This is very kind of you," she said at last, from the corner whither she had retreated with the utmost propriety.

"Oh," I said—it was not a topic to get one's teeth into—"well, it seemed only—I—er——"

I did not finish the sentence, but she may just have thought my words drowned by the roar of a large vehicle which drew up on our off-side at that moment. It was, I saw with some misgiving, a bus. My bus. Our (presumably) bus, in fact. Surely she would have the decency not to notice the bus?

"How funny," she said in a small voice. "That's my bus."

"No, really?" I giggled, and made a tremendous show of

peering through the window at it. It had drawn up very close, and my embarrassment was not relieved when I found that only a couple of panes of glass prevented me from rubbing noses with the blue-eyed girl. She smiled at me inscrutably as the bus suddenly started and drew shudderingly away. Presently we began to chug in its wake.

Conversation was not easy.

The lady in grey, uncertain whether her previous attempt at gratitude had had a convincing ring, again told me that I was very kind.

"Nothing of the sort," I said.

"You are, really."

"No, no."

This sort of thing got us as far as Lower Regent Street. Then she struck out in a new direction.

"Where do you live?"

I was a fool of course. I ought to have said "Where do you?" but I didn't. "Kensington. Well—W.14."

I think she clapped her hands, delicately, in her corner.

"So do I."

"But," I said quickly, ingeniously forcing a left-hand glove on to my right hand, "I'm going on the Tube from Piccadilly of course."

"Of course," she said. "So am I."

Yes. She would be, of course. I could not see how, after this beautiful friendship, we could both leave the taxi at Piccadilly and go independently to W.14. We should have to go together, down the escalator, on to the platform, into the train . . . It was not the lady in grey's fault that I hated the idea of doing this, I merely doubted my conversational stamina over a distance. I should have felt just the same, I told myself, if she had been the blue-eyed girl. That is what I told myself.

At Piccadilly the taxi stopped and she immediately began to peer at the meter and fiddle with her handbag.

"No, no, really," I laughed.

"Oh, but I must," she said. "You've been so kind."

"No, I haven't," I contradicted rudely. "In any case——" I rushed the words out—"it's later than I thought; I think I shall go all the way by taxi now." And with a disarming smile I opened the door.

She shut it again. "I think I will, too," she said.

At Hyde Park Corner she again spoke of my kindness. I demurred. Opposite the Albert Hall she mentioned it again. I denied it hotly. There was no other conversation of any kind. The cab seemed to be closing in on me, the smell of pencil-cases becoming quite suffocating. Something had to be done, but we had passed Knightsbridge station before the inspiration came to me. I shouted through the driver's window.

"If anybody hails you, pick them up," I said, and, to my companion, now almost invisible in the gathering dusk, "You don't mind?" I went on to mumble something about spare seats but she cut in with, "How kind you are."

It was in Kensington High Street that we took pity on a lonely, umbrella-waving girl. By the time the taxi had begun to pull up she had seen that the flag was lowered and was turning disconsolately away.

I threw open the door.

"Come in," I said brightly—"if you're going our way."

"Why, darling, what a surprise!" said my wife, coming in.

It was, of course, and conversation wasn't easy, especially after the lady in grey disembarked at Addison Bridge. However, it still wasn't as difficult as it would have been if she'd been the girl with the blue eyes.

J. B. B.

Face

I LIKE my face. I've looked at it in mirrors thousands of times, because I had to do so. Qua face it is not—oh, believe me, please!—what, as a tenor say, was, say, Caruso: rather it apes the mug of Socrates in the rich oddness of its random errors.

'Tis like; 'tis very like. The nose, perhaps more dignified, and just a *soupon* snubber. The brow is Shakespeare's—or Hall Caine's. The chaps are Leslie Henson's, less the indiarubber.

The ears I can't so confidently place (except that Bonaparte's were hardly squarer): if I could wiggle them, it would be fun. The eyes are Ajax's, the lightning-darer (the left, though, duller than the other one). They add a touch of mystery to my face.

The eyebrows, indeterminate as sand, are sandy as the sifting sands of Gobi. I wish they were brushed in by lampblack and as flexible as those of dear George Robey.

But oh, the mobile, mocking, mature mouth! Its curves of irony! Its quirks of wit! The bottom lip is looser than the upper. I will no more than hint it might be Kit Marlowe's. It is NOT that of Martin Tupper. It has a devilish slant from north to south

(or is it east to west? I am not clear). My friends, by business, Bolsheviks, and Bing bored, hang rapt on what it has to say, for here the epigrams of others find a springboard.

My hair is in retreat, and Meditation upon my temples, so I like to think, has rested often her grey finger-tips—or maybe that was Care, and debts, and drink. Once it was gold as crisply French-fried chips—unless that was Mamma's imagination.

I like my face. Its look of vague inanity is *quite deceptive*, varying week by week almost to *nous*. My wife thinks this is vanity: She likes my cheek.

R. C. S.



At the Play

"THE RISING SUN" (ARTS)

THIS is as strong a draught of Hollands as we have had for some time. The translation is by Mr. CHRISTOPHER ST. JOHN from the play by Mr. HERMAN HELJERMANS, a Dutch dramatic critic of renowned ferocity, and the excellence of the second act makes it one of the most interesting items on the Arts' recent list. A sombre interior is the setting for a family catastrophe in which heart-strings are fairly tugged and no quarter is given.

The first act seems to me to give a conflicting picture. It shows as weak, silly and irresponsible a man whom the second act proves to be strong, serious and singleminded. How much this fault lay with the author (who died in 1924) and how much with the producer, Miss BEATRIX LEHMANN, is hard to say, but I think they are both to blame. Anyone going bankrupt starts with our sympathy but loses it quickly if he does nothing more about it than pretend everything is fine and put on a comedy act for the benefit of his wretched family. *Strong* is a small tradesman who appears to find it irresistibly funny that he is being smothered by a chain-store. Between him and his young daughter is a deep bond; she shares his feckless gaiety. Their attitude is utterly infuriating to his poor wife to whom, though she is not a very engaging lady, my heart went out. She already has one veteran bankrupt on her hands, *Strong's* father, an ancient clock-maker whose errant chimes shatter what little peace is left between the visits of the duns. When the manager of the stores, cloaking a keen business sense behind the manner of an evangelist, calls to make an offer all that *Strong* and *Sonia* can do is make-believe that they are worked to death. The manager then takes steps to edge them out, *Strong* at last grasps that he is up against it and *Sonia*, driven desperate by his misery, drops an oil-lamp with an eye on the insurance. In as ripe a piece of arson as we can remember on a small stage not only the stock is consumed

but also the epileptic daughter of the lodger.

The second act is extremely powerful. There is no more levity. After a long interrogation the *Attorney* is satisfied that the fire was accidental. But *Strong* is not. He cares nothing about his bankruptcy or the insurance money, but only that *Sonia* is avoiding him and has not told him the truth. He is not angry with her for dropping the lamp, having considered doing so himself, but he cannot bear that a lie should stand between them. In a long and fine scene he gradually breaks her

facility in highly-strung parts, is nearly very good as *Sonia*, but she has yet to learn to vary her attack. The rest of the acting is uncertain, with the exception of Mr. MICHAEL GWYNN's delightful impression of a hesitant wooer.

ROYAL COMMAND VARIETY (PALLADIUM)

The presence of Their Majesties, with Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, and the fact that the performance was in aid of the Variety Artistes' Benevolent Fund, guaranteed a good evening and we were not dis-

appointed. Current talent was fairly represented and the audience responded with an unblemished a congregation of white shirts as can anywhere have been seen since Hitler first drew attention to the duller regions of our wardrobe. The irrepressible Mr. ARTHUR ASKEY, himself impeccably clad, accused us of smelling of moth-balls and complained that we reminded him of a waiters' conference, but as usual the laundries will have the last laugh, even on Mr. ASKEY.

I wrote the other day about the brilliance of Mr. TERRY THOMAS in his impersonation of an announcer who has forgotten the records for a programme which includes Tauber and Robeson, and is therefore obliged to provide them out of his own throat. It is an astonishing turn and it must be an astonishing throat; and if I were the Director-General of the B.B.C. I would keep him by me at a princely salary in case the

lecturer from Ethiopia failed to turn up or the Symphony Orchestra went sick. I also wrote about M. ROBERT LAMOURET and his French Donald Duck, a creature in whom impudence and pathos are so blended as to find new meanings. These were here, and so were Mr. SID FIELD, still bent on mastering snooker, the THREE SAILORS, skipping superbly and crowning immense preparation with the achievement of bouncing a tennis-ball against the seat of a chair, and those extremely graceful contortionists, the THREE ROSS SISTERS, whose croquet-hoop behaviour is so much second nature that I can well believe they eat breakfast with their backs to the table.



PUZZLE—FIND THE CULPRIT

Diana Watson	MISS MYRETTE MORVEN
Stanley Watson	MR. GEORGE GEE
Biddy	MISS MOLLIE MAUREEN
Dick Twiddle	MR. ANTHONY SHAW
Peter Smythe	MR. SYDNEY KING
The Rev. Septimus Bodkin	MR. RICHARD GOOLDEN

down, until she admits to the police what she has done. Then at last father and daughter are happy again (though, needless to say, nobody else is). Their relationship is very movingly drawn. Even in its blind spots *Strong's* flaming idealism has a kind of Old Testament magnificence. That such a man, however, has sprung from the rather deceitful play-boy of the first act remains difficult to credit, and if his initial antics had been soft-pedalled the production would have gained. The contrast is not sound.

Mr. DENIS CAREY plays him pretty well on a limited scale. Miss DOROTHY GORDON, a young actress of promise who has already shown a special

Mr. ASKEY, whom I am inclined to think is our most reliable comedian, did some strenuous P.T. at a grand piano on lines originally laid down by Rachmaninoff but which led him pretty directly to the main testing-shed at Woolwich Arsenal. His spectacles have seldom been more voluble. Miss TESSIE O'SHEA, who appeared to be wearing most of the Crown jewels in honour of the occasion, sang "Money is the Root of All Evil" in her inimitable way, and, lest we should believe this heresy, accomplices later inflated the house with draughts on one of the lesser-known banks. Strange sounds were extracted from strange instruments (one of which, a copper viola-cum-warming-pan, is the very thing for musical evenings in unheated drawing-rooms), by the CAIROLI BROTHERS; Mr. NAT JACKLEY gave us his insubordinate recruit; Mr. BOB BROMLEY's puppets were in form, in particular the pianist, and Mr. GILL

JOHNSON's patter-dancing beat both eye and ear. A turn I had not struck before but which is sure to be seen again came from a young man named WOODROW, who had three top-hats and three cigar-boxes. We could all do with three cigar-boxes, but what he does is quite different, absolving them from any of the normal obligations of gravity. As for the top-hats, they were obviously trained in France and piloted by highly-disciplined poltergeists. After many other excellent turns we wound up with sea-shanties sung by Mr. OSCAR NATZKE and assorted mariners, and with the docking of an enormous model of the Q.E. to the strains of *Arethusa's* band.

"TREBLE TROUBLE" (GARRICK)

At an early stage in the incubation of this farce someone with the courage of his senses should have risen to his feet and begged his fellows to forget it. I am convinced that any panel of

citizens drawn from the nearest bus in the Charing Cross Road to witness a rehearsal would have condemned it out of hand. When a child is caught with a love-letter which is in fact the property of her grandmother but which gets pinned on to her father, and when to clear his name this idiot introduces a series of loutish chums from Throgmorton Street with stories far thinner than those usually concocted by the inventive members of the Stock Exchange, then wit is needed in good measure. It is notably absent. In its place is much mazy pothor and tedious incredulity. Mr. GEORGE GEE works hard with his remarkably elastic face but the dividend is small. The only person who made me laugh was Mr. RICHARD GOOLDEN, whose satire on an aged scholar was the only refreshing thing in an arid evening. But why must the schoolmasters of farce invariably be parsons?

ERIC.



"T—I—M"



"Morning, ma'am—Radio Doctor."

Our Booking Office (By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Twenty-Six Counties

If you still contemplate crossing to Ireland—and the Irish autumn is often the sweet of the year, buy *An Irish Panorama* (LONGMANS, 12/6). This is a generous handful of *choses vues* done, and very well done, as Auberon Quin would have done them when he went out to report the Battle of Notting Hill and wrote "I forgot to say that the Waterworks Tower looked swart." Its vivid extracts about Irish places and their life are those of Mr. Kees van HOEK of *The Irish Independent*, who after a global career as a reporter has set up his rest overlooking Killiney Bay. He has refused to paint the warts, arguing that no one wants to explore drab country-towns or sooty slums. But the slums of Dublin are not sooty by English standards and have a gaiety of their own. They have, too, the greatest charitable *œuvre* in the world in the "Legion," which appears—and quite rightly, so blithe-hearted it is—next to "Hurling" under "Diversions." As for the countryside, it is featured from Donegal to Kerry; and though the writer obviously prefers factories to farms, he has a keen eye for a well-perched cathedral, a noble house or a beautiful garden. His photographs, supplied by the Photographic Society of Ireland, are outstanding.

H. P. E.

Christopher Sykes

Four Studies in Loyalty (COLLINS, 12/6) is a book of great and varied interest, slightly marred in places by too intense and adjectival a style, which seems to owe a good deal to Lytton Strachey's rather ornate manner. Three

of the four studies are based on personal memories. "In Times of Stress" is a vivid and moving account of the experiences of the author, Mr. CHRISTOPHER SYKES, among the French after he had been dropped by parachute behind the German lines in the Vosges. In "Robert Byron" Mr. SYKES gives a long and detailed impression of Mr. Byron's work and character, interspersing among estimates of his achievements as an interpreter of Byzantine and Persian art amusing instances of his apparently capricious but quite sincere deviations from orthodox opinions. On one occasion, for example, he rebutted the view that Shakespeare's plays could have been written only by a cultured Elizabethan nobleman on the ground that they were exactly the kind of plays he would expect a Stratford grocer to write. "Behind the Tablet" is a tragic-comic study of the author's uncle, Sir Christopher Sykes, whose sufferings in the cause of snobbishness were quite severe enough to have earned him the title of martyr, had his Maker instead of his Prince been the object of his devotion. But the gem of the book is the story of a fantastic Persian, Bahram Kirmani, a kind of pocket Falstaff, as Mr. SYKES calls him, who was supported through every kind of hardship and ignominy by an unquenchable devotion to Balliol.

H. K.

"And Tell of Time . . ."

To try to give an adequate idea of the scope and quality of Professor L. DUDLEY STAMP's *Britain's Structure and Scenery* (COLLINS, 16/-) within the compass of a short review is as absurd as attempting to measure his subject, Geological Time, by the duration of an April shower. Treating the book as broadly as its author treats, say, the Jurassic period, one may say that he has brilliantly essayed the task of anatomizing to its skeleton the physical body of Britain, and has explained to us how and why the surface beauty we love so much has been formed upon a framework of rock, as the beauty of a lady of quality owes its outward loveliness to the moulding of the well-bred bone. In less romantic language, one may say that Professor STAMP's concern and delight has been to demonstrate that in Britain's present-day outward semblance we see the results of processes of creation and evolution extending back over millions of years. He tells of the natural cataclysms which squeezed and formed the ancient mountains, the tooling of rock and soil by sun, ice, frost, rain, and wind, the rivers and the sea, and of the patient research by which scientists have guessed at and deduced in what manner such complex forces have brought about valley and plain, hill and down, the waste of a Highland deer forest and the rich farmland of the Weald. Colour plates, diagrams and photographs and a gloriously detailed index add to the solid body of his work the same kind of satisfactory completeness which woods and pastures give to the earth of which he writes with such knowledge and illumination. This book is a classic of its kind.

R. C. S.

Dr. Johnson

It is a pity that Mr. C. E. VULLIAMY, who wrote a very pleasant autobiography some years ago, does not treat Johnson, Boswell and Mrs. Thrale with the sympathy which he extended to himself. This study of Dr. Johnson, fittingly entitled *Ursa Major* (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 15/-), is written from much the same standpoint as Macaulay's crude and youthful estimate of Johnson contained in his review of Croker's *Boswell*, an estimate which Mr. VULLIAMY characterizes as "one of the most lucid, one of the

most valuable and accurate of all the Boswell-Johnson commentaries." "Macaulay," says Mr. VULLIAMY, "hated Boswell, and he had only a moderately tolerant opinion of Johnson." Neither of these statements is true of Macaulay in his later years, but both fit Mr. VULLIAMY closely enough. Johnson, according to Mr. VULLIAMY, was a bully and a snob, but he had tremendous vitality and deserves to be remembered for his "sturdy mind" and "honest virtues." This tepid praise appears almost warm when we turn to Mr. VULLIAMY on Mrs. Thrale and Boswell. He speaks of Mrs. Thrale's "vulgar tongue and saucy airs," and endorses the late Lord Lansdowne's description of her as "intolerable as a parent and rightly kept at a distance by her offspring." As to Boswell, "it is not necessary to describe him as a posturing hypocrite; it is far more likely that his was a case of partial schizophrenia." The best thing in the book is the vivid account of the painful impression Boswell's life created on its first appearance.

H. K.

In the Shade of the Sugar-Cane

Intelligent and engrossing from start to finish, Mr. ROBERT STANDISH's new novel has a Chinese orphan for a hero and a predominantly West Indian setting. But as On Loong's father, a laundryman, was, in his day, the only Chinaman on "Newcastle Island," it is not for the most part specifically Chinese dilemmas that are posed in *Mr. On Loong* (PETER DAVIES, 9/6). The island's problem is a world problem: how to maintain sufficient cheap labour for the export trade of the few without arousing too much resentment in the many. The "Newcastle Island" negro—like most natives, even European ones—is kept short of land. If he could grow food for himself he would not grow sugar for the planter. Superimposed on this social background is On Loong's affection for his delightful French foster-father Lorillard, who lives by trading between island and island the produce each island could easily grow itself. The path of On Loong's love for Lorillard's daughter Laurette is a rugged one: so much so that he ultimately finds himself looking for his only son, Laurette's *petit chinois*, in the South of France. The couple return to face "Newcastle Island's" second implication in a European war, their diverse answers to the challenge being as characteristic of themselves as they are of their creator's refreshing idealism.

H. P. E.

A Short History of the Theatre

Books about the theatre are sometimes the children of learned men hiving the queen of all queen bees somniferously in their bonnets. Not so *The Theatre Through the Ages* (HARRAP, 15/-), whose author, Mr. JAMES CLEAVER, seems to be impelled by nothing less transparent than a great love for his subject and a wide knowledge of its past. He is one of those fortunate men who can illustrate their own writing, and his delightful decorations, ranging from small sketches of dresses and stage details to full-page coloured lithographs of period styles, add much to the book. It is an admirably simplified introduction which takes us all the way, mainly via our own theatre, from the Greeks to the Russians, showing how the stage itself has developed, trends of play-writing have changed and fashions in acting have reacted to custom and taste. So large a field has obliged compression, but Mr. CLEAVER's account is varied and very readable and finds space for entertaining commentary on most of the outstanding figures in the history of the English stage. There is a good index, a bibliography and a useful list of plays suggested for reading

and acting. This should be an excellent book for stimulating interest in the young, and if only schools would adopt it in place of some of the parrot-learning of poor Shakespeare they would be doing something more positive towards creating an intelligent audience for the future.

E. O. D. K.

Different Values

Liverpool is the scene of Mr. JOHN BROPHY's new novel, *City of Departures* (COLLINS, 9/6), and reunion is the theme. When the book begins Charles Thorneycroft, a successful designer for the theatre, is travelling north to fulfil a romantic obligation. Twenty-five years ago he and two other ambitious youths (one now a man in very big business) made a pact to meet again a quarter of a century later. The full meeting does not take place because the third of the trio has died on the day fixed for celebration and has left a poor young family behind him. The needs of this family and the relationship between them, their father's friends, an American officer, a wounded medical student and a G.I. who, as "Chiropractor," helps the student, and, as himself, ruins the girl who is to be his patient's sister-in-law make a thoughtful and thought-raising story. Half of the book is written in the form of letters to his home by the American officer who "worries his wits" to set down on paper what he thinks of America after two years' experience abroad. These letters should be read on both sides of the Atlantic by all people who want to understand the other side's point of view. They are so convincing that it is difficult to realize they are not written by an American, for the author grinds his two-edged axe very prettily indeed, and never forgets the story while doing so.

B. E. B.

Since 1940, a select band of artists enrolled by the Pilgrim Trust have been painting and drawing houses, streets and monuments whose existence has been threatened (and too often ended) by enemy action or the not less lethal demands of planned progress. The originals are now housed in the Victoria and Albert Museum, and admirable reproductions of them have been collected in a four-volume publication *Recording Britain* (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, five guineas the set), of which the first volume is now available. This is an ideal present to persuade someone to give you.



H. J.'s Belles-Lettres

THIS Belle-Lettre is all about Sussex, which is noted for History (Kipling), Agriculture (Sheila Kaye-Smith) and Jollity (Belloc). It is also notable for very narrow ways, where cars get jammed between the tea-shops, and very wide ways, which have been laid down by the Ministry of Transport and in other countries would have been made by the War Office. Its natural features include the South Downs, which are rather bare and hygienic for my taste, and numerous little woods which please me because they are so unlike Switzerland. As a walker I tire easily, and it encourages me to go bending round trees and finding dells and undergrowth, while in Switzerland you can often see further than you can cover in a day, and walking becomes confirmatory, not exploratory.

This business about there being two counties often catches those who had old-fashioned geography books at school, or pin too much on there being only one bishop. However, two separate counties is what there are, one with its headquarters at Chichester, a ripe old town up a creek, with its public library over a fish-market, and a traffic problem of great cunning at the centre. This problem is a market-cross, from which policemen get a good deal of protection as it has arches into which they can dart back. The other twin centres on Lewes, a ripe old town with a race-course, a battle-field, a river and the usual offices, very proud of being on a hill and having a castle higher than itself. Unlike many towns it does not end with the Tudors, but comes down to Shelley's relations and a modern art-gallery and Arthur Henderson. On November 5th there are such doings as lighting barrels of tar and rolling them down the main street, it being a very religious town and the police not caring to interfere.

West Sussex has worse transport than East Sussex, and is hence unspoilt, which means that those who live there voluntarily do not get the kind of amenities forced on them which are reckoned their due by compulsory inhabitants. East Sussex is more *soignée*, as befits an area either nestling under London's mantle or overspilling from Brighton, though it is true there is a comparatively empty bit running horizontally through the middle. At both ends of the coastal strip you have mud-flats and contraband, and in between you have places which town councils think should be preserved and the well-educated think should be destroyed, like Peacehaven, and vice versa, like Brighton. There is also Worthing, where people retire to die, though owing to ozone they get frustrated, and this means they have to go on living in Worthing, and the wrought iron eats into their soul.

I do not intend to deal with all the towns in Sussex, because I am more than doubtful where to draw the line; all this shifting of population causes villages to swell like balloons but rarely to contract. There is nothing as useful to writers as Old Sarum, for example. Nevertheless, something must be said of Haywards Heath. Haywards Heath is notable for its lack of Links with the Past. It is slap-bang modern, and very long and thin. There was nothing much there until they put a railway station, but passengers soon clustered round it, and when they electrified the line people found that it was quicker to get out of Haywards Heath than out of the London suburbs, so they flooded in and have continued so to do. Not having much of a past it concentrates on having a future and this makes it an obliging town and easy to live in. The characteristic of Sussex folk is that everyone thinks that everyone else is

a stockbroker, the aborigines tending to be invisible except in buses, though occasionally one is seen moving distastefully across the skyline.

I should not be at all surprised if some readers expected a paragraph in poetic prose hereabouts, and this I can knock off in two twinks: Oh, what a sheeply, wheately, broomish, sandly, chalkly, turfy, clumpish, dune-stretching, charcoal-burning, windmill-waving haunt of pierrots, cowherds, Women's Institutes, dog-lovers and the gnarled is this Sussex, calling up memories of Harold the Last of the Saxons, Simon de Montfort and Henry James. Upland and Downland, weed and crop, ewe and peke, a cross-section of rural England unfolds, not unlike a panorama, before the eye. The very names are music—Bognor, Bexhill, Uckfield, Slaugham, Crawley.

A fragment of the old England, you will say. Yes, indeed, and not least in its preservation of many customs elsewhere decayed, commercialized or the prey of scientific analysis. Examples of such I will quote from a worm-eaten brochure entitled "Sussex Customs for All Occasions," by A Sheriff.

HOST-LAYING FOR SMALL FAMILIES

Light candle of hog's fat in byre. Construct two pentacles on ground, ABCDE and FGHIJ, such that some of the points in the first fall inside and some outside the second. Get as many of family as possible in hollow bits. When oxen low in stall, burn herbs widdershins. Chant, diminuendo:

"Skip away, ghost,
You're lost, you're lost.
Spooks, like misers,
Come to dust.
We wish you well
But do not stay,
For we're *suaviter in modo*, but damn
fortiter in re."

(For those who use the old pronunciation the penultimate line should be:

"But haste to flee.")

COY CUSTOM FOR UNMARRIED MAIDS

During a lunar eclipse go from homestead to homestead offering a signed self-tintype in exchange for a kiss. Alternatively, something might be done with the use of a yashmak.

A MAY-DAY MORRICE

(May also be used for Michaelmas and eve of the poll rallies.)

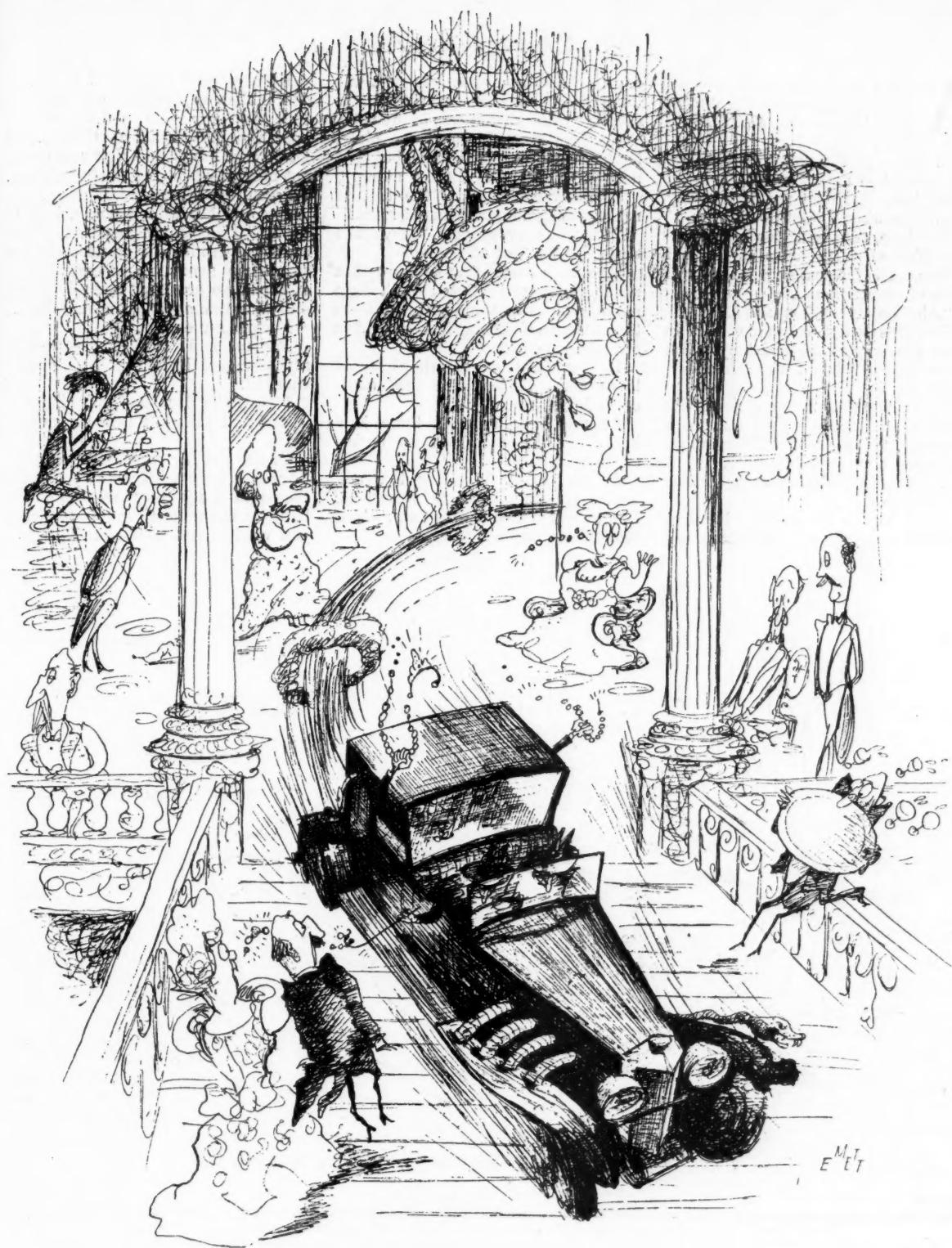
Start from ingle-nook in Jug and Bottle department and dance through Private bar, Public, Saloon and American bars. All dancers should count aloud, preferably in Anglo-Saxon, Robin Goodfellow keeping time with an early metronome while Old Father Time essays his homespun wit.

P.S.—Dancers wear gum-boots.

• •

"A two-day radio telephone service between motor-cars and any telephone subscriber has been opened by the Bell Telephone Company, says A.P. from Philadelphia."—*Singapore paper*.

Make the call when the traffic-jam starts and it'll come through before you're out.



"Confound these jewel thieves and their powerful black cars!"

AS I am passing through the city where my old university stands, piety bids me stop and visit my own college.

In the lodge the porter is standing. He recognizes me at once. He is all friendliness and does not look a day older than when I went down.

And here, advancing towards me, is the Warden. He looks at me and frowns. His face expands, in a warm smile of recognition.

"Ah," he says, "Simpkins."

Simpkins is not my name. But no more were any of the names by which he called me when I was an undergraduate.

He thinks that I am a successful chemist. I explain that I am not a chemist. He goes on talking about my being a successful chemist.

And there is just time to go and see my old tutor.

I find him in his rooms. He does not look a day older. He knows my

No Change at All?

name. I ask him about the post-war university, whether everything is different from what it was in my time.

He says that the men are older, having been through the war, but that nothing is different, nothing at all.

"Not even," I ask, "the fact of many undergraduates being married?"

"That," he says gravely, "may affect them. It does not affect me."

How very comforting to know that nothing changes! But I can't help noticing signs of timidity in him—as though, even if nothing has changed so far, perhaps one day it may.

He is evidently anxious that I should leave him. He explains that he is expecting a pupil.

At this very moment there is a knock on the door and an undergraduate enters.

At first sight he seems like any undergraduate of twenty years ago. But then I notice a difference. It is something that he is carrying.

He says to the tutor, "I hope you don't mind, sir, but this was the only time that my wife could make an appointment with her hairdresser. So I said that I was sure that you would not mind my bringing the baby along. He won't make any noise."

I see on the tutor's face a look of terror. This is the moment whose arrival he has feared and which he has sought to avoid by telling himself, and telling others, that everything was still the same as it had always been.

I make my escape.

Perhaps it is vindictive of me to say how glad I am that nothing has changed.

I close the door slowly behind me. And as I shut it I hear the pupil's voice.

"I am terribly sorry, sir," he says, "but it is rather difficult to turn over the pages of my essay and to hold the baby at the same time. I wonder if you would mind holding the baby?"



"But I had to wait SIX WEEKS for delivery. Ridiculous, isn't it?"

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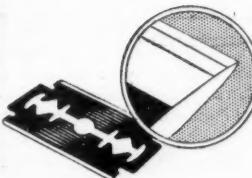
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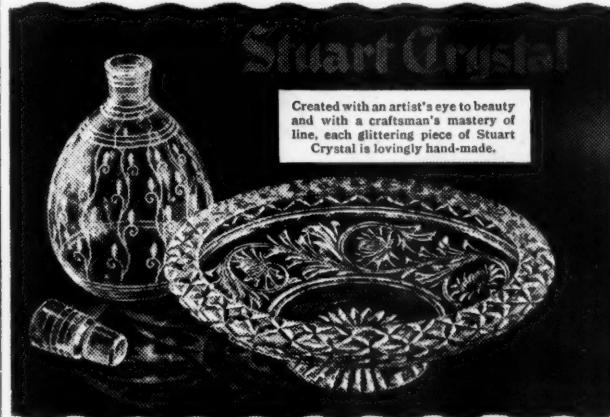


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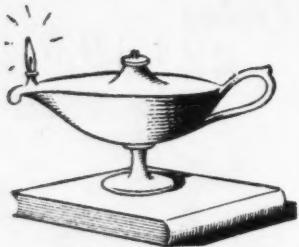
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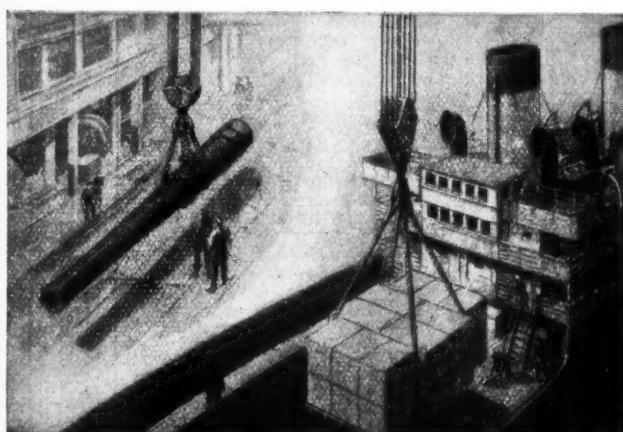
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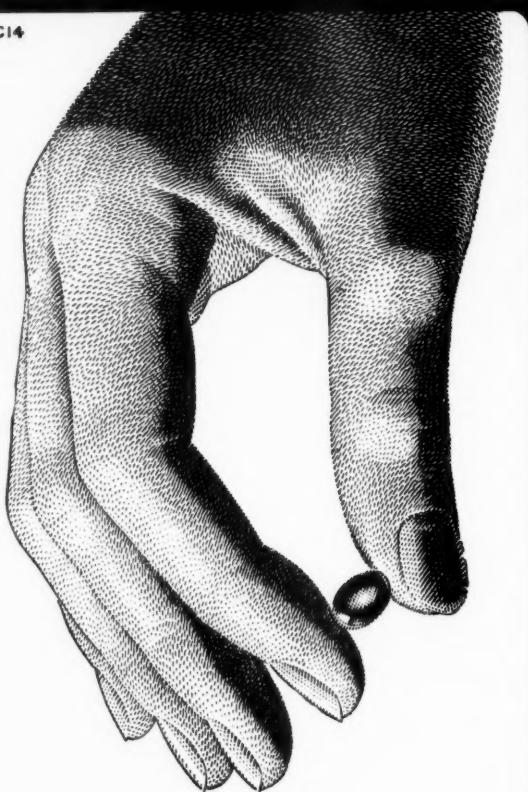
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